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GREENSBORO, N. C., MARCH 17, 1860.

WHOLE NO. 215.



Golden Island.

CHINESE SKETCHES.

The Chinese are divided into three religious sects, who are followers of the tenets inculcated by Confucius, Lao Kuan or Tao, and Fo or Buddha. The Confucian is the religion of the state, although the emperor builds and endows temples belonging to the other sects. The system of Confucius may be more properly termed a system of morality than a religion, as it is intended to inculcate the duties of men toward each other, rather than those which they owe to a superior being. The Confucians believe in one supreme Deity, but they have no regular priesthood; their religious rites consisting solely of sacrifices made in the temples on stated occasions, when the emperor officiates as high-priest and the chief mandarins as his subordinates. The heavens, earth, sun and moon, are worshipped; when the heavens are worshipped, the emperor is clad in silken robes of azure blue; when the earth, his robes are saffron colored; the sun is worshiped in crimson robes, and the moon in robes of a cream white hue. The sacrifices are offered at fixed periods: that to heaven is made on the day of the winter solstice; that to earth, on the day of the summer solstice; the others being made according to the inclination or pleasure of the emperor. The victims sacrificed are cows, pigs, bullocks and sheep: these are cut up and cooked, being afterward placed upon altars dedicated to heaven and earth; the form of the altar dedicated to the former is round—to the latter, square. Before taking part in any of these sacrificial rites, the following regulations are enforced: a rigid fast must be maintained for three entire days, neither listening to music, conversing with wives or concubines, or mourning for the dead during that period. The mode of worship consists in numerous prostrations before the altar, kotouing, or knocking the head nine times against the ground; but when the emperor personally officiates, the kotouing is not performed by him, bowing to the altar being substituted for the prostrations. Once in the course of the twelve months, the empress, princesses, and imperial handmaids, or concubines, are allowed to take part in the minor sacrifices.

If the various rites and ceremonies prescribed by Confucius are not followed by the officers of state, a fine is inflicted; but if any priests of Tao or Buddha should attempt to imitate the ceremonies of the state religion, it is deemed profanation, and they are punished most severely; if any unauthorized or common person should attempt to hold communion with the gods, or make known their desires or wants to their gods, after the manner adopted or used by the emperor, for the first offence they receive sixty-five blows with a bamboo on the soles of the feet; if the offence is repeated, then they suffer death by strangulation. The objects worshiped by the followers of Confucius are numerous; but the following are the principal persons and things to which sacrifices are offered, and these sacrifices are

searched, and returned to China, taking with them some bonzes or priests of that persuasion, which has ever since been tolerated by the Chinese government, but has never superseded the Confucian system, which has always been upheld as the chief religion of the state. This happened in the early days of Christianity, about the time that the Jewish empire was overthrown, and the city of Jerusalem destroyed by the Roman emperor Titus. The Buddhist priesthood dwell together in communities in the manner of monks, subsisting chiefly upon alms, like the mendicant friars of the Catholic church. The temples are their monasteries; and the pagodas, of which so many are seen in different parts of China, were first erected in that country by the priests of Buddha, to whose worship they belong. The head of this religion, who holds the same rank among the votaries of Buddhism as the pope does among those of the Catholic church, is called the grand lama. He resides with much state in Thibet, and is supposed to be immortal; for when he dies, it is given out that his soul has passed into the body of some infant, whom the priests pretend to identify by certain signs, and who is brought up in the belief that the same spirit which animated the form of his predecessor, exists within himself. Thus the office of grand lama always commences with infancy, and lasts till the close of life. There are a great many female devotees belonging to this faith who live, like nuns, secluded from the world, and never marry; but they are not so numerous in China as in Thibet, Japan and Tartary. The dress of the nun is the same as that of the Buddhist priests; namely, a long, black robe. Their head, also, is entirely shaven; consequently, in the street, it is almost impossible to distinguish the bonze from the bonze. The Buddhists have five prohibitory commandments, which they very strictly observe. These are: "Not to destroy animal life; not to steal; not to speak falsely; not to drink wine; and to the priests or bonzes, not to marry." Their belief as to their final state is, that after having passed through a certain term of probation upon this earth under various forms, they shall at length be received into the paradise of Buddha, and partake of his divine nature. Some of the Chinese sovereigns adopted this faith, while others encouraged the sect of Tao, which was founded in the time of Confucius by a sage named Lao-Kuan, whose disciples assumed the title of Tao-tee, or "doctors of reason;" but their claim to this distinctive appellation appears doubtful, their principal studies being alchemy and the art of magic. From them emanated the absurd notion, which in former times was very prevalent in Europe, that a liquid might be prepared, the use of which would prolong human existence beyond its natural term; and also that an art might be discovered of turning inferior metals into gold—the former termed the elixir of life, the latter the philosopher's stone. The Tao-tee mingled religious rites with their pretended skill in magic, and were in fact the priests of their sect. They long possessed great influence in China, and were patronized by many of the emperors, but they have now fallen into disrepute.

FROM THE MOUNT VERNON RECORD.

Mount Vernon and its Master.

WRITTEN FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF WASHINGTON:

February 22d, 1860.

BY L. HUNTELY SIGOURNEY.

A voice upon the breeze,
Mount Vernon's cypress sighs,
Where "dead He speaketh yet,"
Who there in honor lies,
He, who on annual high,
Hath won a stainless past;

The first in war, the first in peace—
First in his country's heart.

Hail glorious Realm, that spreads
From cliffs with snowy crest,
To where the green magnolia makes
Floridian forests blest;

From broad Atlantic's shore,
On to the gates of gold,
That guard the portal of the West,
An empire uncontroll'd.

Peace waves her banner fair,
Wealth in thy harvest glows,
Glad sounds of spindle, wheel and loom,
Thine industry disclose.

Commerce, from every zone
Brings countless treasures back,
And enterprise, with steeds of fire,
Speeds o'er a lightning track.

"I mark in contrast strong,
Thy dark colonial state;
The kindling thresh of liberty,
The struggle with the great,
The town in darkness held,
The flames that on their f'd.

The prison ship, the long retreat,
The conflict, and the dead.

"Again, through winter camp,
I hear the tempest blow,
And see the half-shed soldiers leave
Their blood-stained prints on the snow,

Yet side by side they stood,
A firm, devoted band,

Nor could the British Lion's might
Such brotherhood withstand.

"Long years of storm and strife
Quenched not the gall-ow'd light
That from beleaguer'd Bunker Hill
Put forth its heaven-bright,
Till in Virginia's vale

It caught the victor flame,

And wrote upon the studded skies

A nation's starry name.

"But history, since she made
Her record—since with Time
Man seen no fabric could like this

With prayers and deeds sublime;

Sun to no temple shrine

So rich a lustre lent,

Nor chronicled a wreck so dire

As its dismemberment.

"My children are ye all,

God bless the swelling throng,

And from my ashes wake the love

That makes your Union strong."

The mourning accents ceased,

No form Mount Vernon saw,

But felt her master's presence near,

And held her breath for awe.

"Then gathering onward came

The daughters of the clime,

Who called that sacred spot their own

Through works of zeal sublime;

There was no cold distrust,

Their efforts to divide—

Nor North or South within their hearts

To quell affection's tide.

They clasp'd each other's hands,

They knelt amid the gloom,

And wept as mourning sisters weep

Beside a father's tomb.

Then as they rose a warmth

Of hor'ow and bosom glow'd,

Like that with which the angel's song

Of watching Bethlehem flow'd.

And with it breath'd a prayer,

Invoking Him above,

That on their children might descend

The gift of patriot love,

That wisdom from His throne

Their counsels might embrace,

And bind forever soul to soul,

Their own remotest race.

Golden Island.

This Island, of which we give an illustration, on this page, is situated in the river Yang-tse-keang, or "child of the ocean." The Yang-tse-keang is the principal river in China, and is the largest river in the world except the Mississippi and the Amazon. The river near Chin-keang-fee, is about a mile and a half broad, and near the shore rises the famous mountain of Kinshan, or Golden Island, the beauties of which are much admired by all foreigners who have had the good fortune to behold them.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SOPHIA MOWBRAY;

OR

Life's Sunshine and Life's Clouds.

BY R. GRIFFIN STAPLES.

CHAPTER VII.

"Heaven's glories may again be won,
And, streaming from on high,
As after noonset comes the sun,
Outline the day's gone by."

Our present scene opens in a wild picturesque wood. The whole scene is one of romance. 'Tis evening, and the starlight twinkles through the openings of the tall waving trees of the forest. The winds of the balmy South, sigh mournfully through the branches, and undergrowth, as a requiem for the departing spirit. Immediately in the main road lies a human form, from whose side trickles the life blood; over him bends a slight figure dressed in the habiliments of a gipsy woman, or rather girl, for, from the youth and beauty of that fair bairn, we should judge that sixteen winters had scarcely left their imprint. There was no appearance of the gipsy about that slight form, or in the cerulean of her eye.

Another person was present in the garb of a priest; the wounded man was fast nearing the shores of time—soon he would have to cross

the dark river, and enter upon the realities of another world.

Tears gather in the eyes of the once hardened, but now relenting, dying criminal, his lips move in speech, and he condescends to the holy man of God.

"I have been a terror to the world—my hands are imbrued in innocent blood, and I have brought more than one heart to sorrow over its existence. I am a gipsy by birth—a gipsy also by choice—and to-night I have received my death wound from a traitor gipsy, whose envy has prompted him to act the part of a cowardly assassin. Curses upon his head—curses such as only a gipsy can conceive of. But my time is drawing to a close, I feel the chill of death, even now seizing upon my vitals, and soon I must meet an angry God—yes! there is a God! I feel it now, but alas, my belief will avail me naught at this late hour.

"It was the fall of 1833 that I was traveling in the character of a northern merchant, throughout the Southern country; in the village of M—— in Georgia, I formed the acquaintance of one of earth's angels. I call her such with all reverence, Holy Father, because a fairer I never looked upon. Her simplicity was a part of that beauty which so attracted me. A gipsy can love, oh, how tenderly, a gipsy can hate, oh, how madly!—and a gipsy's love, if once turned to hatred, knows no end.

"I loved, and my love knew no bounds. In words that burn I portrayed to her my passion, but, alas, for my happiness—alas, for the happiness of others. The heart which I sought to win, was plighted to another, and that other had all the affection of that young and trusting woman. How wildly did I curse the day I had ever met with her. What schemes of revenge were pictured in letters of fire upon the panoramas that passed willy-nilly before my vision.

"I knew that my rival was far more worthy of the confidence and love of one so fair and trusting, but in my madness I never thought of my real character. I forgot for the moment that I was of that hated race, and that my fair perfection was to me, as the lamb to the wolf—the dove to the vulture.

"I witnessed the nuptials; there was a smile on my lips, but a fire burning, madly burning, on the altar of my heart. 'Twas the fire of revenge!

"I saw them depart for their future home; the daughter left the paternal roof for the first—for the last time. The scene was trying to the feelings of father and child, although in happy ignorance of the dark future.

"That night I bid adieu to the village, where, for the first time, I had learned the meaning of reverse fortune—and by an art known to our race, so changed my appearance, that the closest observer would fail in recognizing me.

"I hovered as an evil spirit around the victim of my wrath—link after link I bound the shackles about him, until his life to him became a misery, and to others a curse.

"By bribery I cut off all communication between parent and child, by bribery I robbed them of the first bud of promise, and planted the pangs of bitter anguish in their souls. By forgery I made the parent to mourn the loss of his darling pride—and by forgery, the daughter was brought to believe the Father as departed to a world of spirits.

"I had my revenge; and I recollect it as a sweet morsel beneath my tongue. The husband became an outcast, wandering throughout the earth—though innocent—with the brand of Cain upon his forehead, deeming himself a murderer. The wife is reduced to a mendicant—though keeping her virtue bright as a priceless jewel. The child is still living, she has proved herself worthy of a mother so pure, and by her kindness has taught me to love her as my own. Blessings rest upon thee, Ida! Dry up the fountain of thy grief, for he, for whom thou mournest, is not worthy of a single tear. I have wronged, shamefully wronged thee, and would gladly restore thee back to thy mother's arms.

"Take this package, thou good Samaritan; it will explain all. It will show up the scheming on that memorable night, and if thou canst find on the sea or on the land, him whom I have so foully treated, restore him to his wife—proclaim in the halls of Justice his innocence, and give back to that mother the darling of her bosom. Smooth the path of that aged pilgrim, who is but a remove from the shores of that etern-

mal river, and let me die with the belief that repentence has not come too late.

"Ida Mowbray, I commit you to the hands of this stranger, and may he have the grace of that God whom I have despised, to assist him in fulfilling the last request of a wretched man."

During the whole recital, the countenance of the hermit was expressive of the greatest anxiety, and before the close of the last sentence, he was pressing to his bosom—his daughter!

"Thanks to God," exclaimed the Gipsy chief, "one link in the shackle is loosened, and I am ready to die."

Breath low! Tread lightly as you approach the scene. A father has found a long lost, loved child—a child has found a father, and the spirit of a transgressor has taken its eternal flight to a region of woe.

CHAPTER VIII.

"One moment's dream about thee,
Were worth a long and endless year
Of waking this without thee.
My only love, my only dear."

Father and child re-united, there remains but a few links in this life chain, of any moment.

After having paid the tribute due to all earth's creatures, deposited in the narrow grave the author of all their woe, the father and child retired to the sequestered spot which for years was the sheltering place of this hermit. It was a secluded place, the mouth of the cave scarcely discernible for the thick undergrowth which surrounded it.

Here Ida learned her own history in full. Here the resolve was taken to search for those connected to them by the holy ties of wife and mother, father and grand-parent. The heart that has never known a mother's love, how it yearns to be clasped in the warm embrace of some spirit congenial to its own. There was a new life opening up to our heroine, and she pictured visions of future happiness strange and beautiful to contemplate. The new life upon which she was entering, the first sweets of which she had tasted in a father's love could be but wild and visionary to one who was ignorant of filial regard, yet it filled the whole soul with an ecstasy unspeakable.

She slept sweetly in her father's arms, and smiles wreathed her lips. Visions of a romantic spot, where violet odors fill the air, and angel's hands point in delight the flowers so beautiful, fleet in panoramic succession before her. Far off in dreamland her mind is busy with scenes of home and happiness.

But in the forest wild, we leave this child of nature with her newly found parent to dream of things intoxicating to the senses, knowing that their pangs are all fixed for the future course to be pursued.

We are once again on familiar ground. Before us is the tall ancestral pile, almost hid from view by the luxuriant growth of eolias—the whole air is redolent with perfume from the flowering vines which grow wild and neglected over the decaying portico. The warblers of summer make vocal the grove, and the whole scene is one of nature's own.

We are again in the boudoir, that we described in our first chapter. The same piano is open, and the old familiar song lies as last placed by our heroine. There is an air of neglect about everything. The cage hangs in its accustomed place, but the canaries have ceased their songs—'tis but an empty cage.

Seated by the window gazing out vacantly and listlessly is an aged paton, whose silver locks and subdued manner speak of a grief, which it were impossible to describe. It tells of a father mourning for his child, and refusing to be comforted.

He gazed intensely into the distance as if expecting momentously an arrival. His lips move in speech.

"What folly is this. 'Tis but an hallucination! But the letter—the letter? I certainly am not mistaken, I received one; and it told me to prepare myself for joy and happiness. It said that—"

The sentence was unfinished: the old man started up wildly with joy, and was young again. A carriage had driven up to the door, and in the next moment of time the aged sire clasped to his bosom his grandchild.

We must pass over the old man's joy in having this link in his chain of happiness to cheer his declining years. The scene is one too sacred for disinterested observers.

Charles Mowbray having sent his daughter in charge of a friend to the village of M—, where she would meet with her aged sire hastened to the great city of New York in search of her whom he had so foully treated. He could not bear to meet that sire, who with one foot in the grave, was mourning his daughter's loss, until he could restore to a parent's arms the child whom he had maimed as dead.

It was toward dusk of the same day which we mention in our first chapter as having seen a wretched mendicant with outstretched hands, leaning against a lamp post in the great thoroughfare of the American metropolis.

Sophie Mowbray had stood there no object of abject poverty the whole day without exciting from the crowd of pedestrians a single act of charity. Despair was indelibly written on every feature of her once fair face, and she presented a sad picture of utter distress. How could she ask for alms? Did not her looks and outstretched hand speak volumes more than could be written? She was not a beggar because she would not work—oh no; for, although of feeble frame, she would do anything rather than ask charity from a cold unfeeling world. The sun was fast sinking, and evening was ap-

proaching, when with a deep sigh she left her position to return to her wretched garret. Not a morsel had passed her lips for two days. She was starving—literally starving, in the great city of New York! where lofty church spires and palace domes kiss the skies; where long dolorous sermons are preached on charity, and each p'p' is a restraint from which lengthy tirades on the South and Southern slavery weekly emanates; where thousands are subscribed to rob the master of his slave, under the name of liberty, while at their very doors hundreds of their race are left to starve. "Oh, cons'istency, thou art a jewel!"

Almost fainting, Sophia Mowbray dragged her steps down Broadway, up through the cross streets, and long drawn, dark alleys ways, with feelings of wretchedness beyond the power of description. As she turned into the narrow lane which lead to her abode, she observed for the first time that she was followed by a man, who kept on the opposite side, a few steps in advance of her. Remembering her former escape from the insults of a cowardly villain, no wonder that she was ready to give up all hopes—if such a thing as hope yet slumbered on the altar of her heart.

As she reached the tall smoky tenement, upon the roof of which the moss was thick, and whose decayed door post and rattling windows were only indices to the general decrepitude of the dangerous pile of rotten stumps and rafters, that were tumbling to ruins, she beheld the stranger, with averted face, standing in the immediate entrance, and uttering a piercing shriek she would have fallen to the ground but for the protecting arms of him whom she had so much feared.

A shriek was no unusual noise in this street of misery and crime, and no one rushed to the spot as is usual in other places more devoted to quiet and good morals. Some moments passed, ere Sophia opened her eyes, and doubted she would have swooned once more, if that gentle word, expressive of so much—*wife*, had not fallen upon her ears like the music of rippling waters.

Could it be a reality—was it her husband's embrace which she felt tightening about her waist? She closed her eyes, that the fond hallucination might not pass from her mind.

She drank in the fond words which were breathed in her ear, and thought it a happy dream. But why should she refuse to look up, when that affectuate voice was calling wildly to her to awake, and smile again to cheer the lonely heart of a disconsolate husband?

It was the same familiar voice which charmed her in youth, and she resolved to open her eyes to the reality.

Oh, joy! oh, bliss—the ecstasy—in a wild delirium, she leaned upon the breast of the love of her youth, and lived over again, in those few moments of undisturbed pleasure, all the happiness of her early years.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MY EXPERIENCE IN DROWNING.

BY G. W. COHEN.

A death by drowning is usually accounted to be the easiest and least painful mode of shuffling off this mortal coil. I know not how painful other modes of dissolution are—not having had any personal experience in that way, but, speaking the painful language of practical experience in relation to death by drowning, I can say that I hope I shall never die so agonizing and terrible a death as that caused by drowning.

In addition to the inexpresible agony of such a death, there are a few striking peculiarities incident thereto which I deem worthy of mention; and amongst these the most prominent is the remarkable association of memory.

In the afternoon of July 4th, 1849, in company with two youthful companions—one of whom, a noble fellow, now sleeps with the departed—I went to bathe in the Little St. Joseph river, at the little village of Montpelier, Williams county, Ohio. It was a beautiful afternoon, and I never felt in better spirits than when I plunged into the river. My companions started to swim across the river, which was about eight rods wide; and I struck out to follow them. I was but a moderately good swimmer; but was passionately fond of the sport and exercise. When I had swum about half way across the river, I began to sink. I put forth more than usual exertions, to regain the surface, but in vain. I sank still farther. I was not cramped, nor paralyzed in any manner. I felt well and strong. Finding that I could not regain the surface, I endeavored to go to the bottom, so that I could there assist myself to regain the surface. But in this I was equally as unsuccessful. I could neither gain the surface nor the bottom. The water was about twenty feet deep, with a strong current. After putting forth my most strenuous exertions, and failing of success, the awfulness of a death by drowning flashed across my mind. With a superhuman effort I rose to the surface, so that I saw the sweet light of the sun, in the distant west. Never did it seem so beautiful to me as then. I could have worshipped it—but I had not time.

Again I sank; and as I lost sight of those mellow rays, I felt that I should see the sun no more. I had now been under water perhaps a minute or more. I felt a dull, oppressive sensation in the brain; and then, my head, I thought, would burst. This oppressive sensation changed to a sort of wild delirium, and all the infernal noise of pandemonium seemed ringing in my ears. I endeavored to shriek for assistance, but my mouth was closed with water. I gasped for breath, but water filled my mouth and nose. I placed my hand on my forehead, and laughed. A means of escape from the river

and death seemed to suggest itself—to drink up all the water in the river and walk ashore. I began to imbibe large quantities of water; and the violent ringing in my ears partially subsided, while the dull, heavy and oppressive sensations returned. Mental activity began; and commencing at a period and with things which I had previously forgotten, everything—no matter how trivial—that I had ever seen, heard or transacted, from my earliest youth up to that moment, passed through my mind, or rather, my life seemed to pass before my eye like a panorama, and I actually seemed to live my life anew. Although it occupied but a moment's time, as it were, to accomplish all this, yet it seemed to me that I lived my whole life over again. Nor did my thought stop here, but pierced futurity; and as the thought, what will my mother think when I am brought home drowned, passed through my mind, respiration ceased, and I struggled no more. Life was not extinct, for consciousness yet remained. When respiration ceased, sensation ceased also.

To say that the pain which I underwent was intense, and the agony that I endured was excruciating, is but employing moderate adjectives to express a terrible truth.

My companions did not learn that I was missing until they had gained the opposite bank of the river. As they subsequently informed me they waited for me until they saw my head partially rise above the surface of the river. The youngest one was my most intimate friend; and it was with great difficulty that the eldest one could prevent him from coming to my immediate rescue. I remained in the water until they recrossed the river, procured a grape vine and swam out and thrust it down to me. I was conscious of having touched something; and it proved to be the grape vine. As they pulled on it, I rose to the surface. As soon as the air came in contact with me, I was entirely conscious of what was going on around me.

They took me ashore and placed my head down the bank and pressed upon my chest to cause me to disgorge the water which I had inhaled. I heard them talk. The elder one remarked, "Let's run, as the people may think we drowned him." "No," said my young friend, "I will stay by him and endeavor to resuscitate him if I have to hang for it. I will never desert my friend in such a time as this."

O, how I wished to speak to them; but respiration had not re-commenced.

They were perhaps half an hour in pressing my breast before a sufficient quantity of water had flown from my mouth and nostrils to enable me to again breathe. I desired to inform them to let me die rather than to pass through the state of resuscitation; but alas! I possessed not the power to do it.

But I will not dwell upon this point, because of all terrible suffering which a human being is capable of enduring I underwent then. I had thought it painful in the extreme to die, but the resurrection was an hundred-fold more excruciating. My condition reminded me of a ship in a tempest, when every mast and spar and chord are stretched to their utmost, and rocked and wrenched, as though each turn was the final one. I would not for a kingdom nor a world like this, pass through those terrible agonies again. And O, the many weary, dreary months which succeeded while I lay stricken down with fever, cause a shoulder to pass over me as I contemplate that sad event, than which no incident in my life has wrought in me so great a change.

HISTORICAL SCRAPS.

FRENCH HISTORY IN A NUTSHELL.

Looking over Allison's History of Europe, from the commencement of the French Revolution until the restoration of the Napoleon dynasty in 1852—a work which, despite its Tory bias, is a repository of valuable facts political and personal—we were impressed with the idea of the mutability of politics in Paris. On a hasty thought, who would believe that at the great events in France, from the revolution of 1789 to the close of the Italian war, in 1859, took place within the limited period of seventy years? This includes the destruction of the French monarchy, the first republic, the rise, progress, and fall of Napoleon, the restoration of the Bourbons, the return from Elba, the imperial rule of the Hundred Days, the second return of the Bourbons, the imprisonment and death of Napoleon, the accession and deposition of Charles the tenth, the "glorious three days of July," the rise of Louis Philippe to the French throne as Lafayette's "best of republics," the revolution of 1848 and the exile of the Orleans family, the second republic with Lamartine's brief ascendancy, the election of Louis Napoleon to the presidency, the *complot d'Orsay* of 1851, the restoration of the Empire, the *entente cordiale* with England, the visits of Napoleon to London and of Victoria to Paris, the Crimean war and the recent contest of 1859, which aimed at making Italy free from the Alps to the Apennines?

We shall gratify historical students, if not general readers, by condensing into a very limited space, the annals of the fourteen different changes of governments which France has experienced in the seventy years between 1789 and 1859—a period which is within the memory of numerous living persons:

1. Louis XVI., and the Assemblies—May 5, 1789, to August 10, 1792.
2. The National Convention—September 21, 1792, to October 5, 1795.
3. The Directory—October 5, 1795, to November 7, 1799.
4. The Consulate; Napoleon, Sieges and Dacos—December 24, 1799, to August 2, 1802.
5. The Consulate for Life; Napoleon—August 2, 1802, to May 18, 1814.
6. The Empire—March 27, 1804, to April 11, 1814.
7. The Restoration of Louis XVIII.—April 24, 1814, to March 19, 1815.
8. Imperial Reign of the Hundred Days—March 19, 1815, to June 22, 1815.
9. Second Restoration of the Bourbons—July 8, 1815, to August 1, 1830.
10. Louis Philippe as King—August 7, 1830, to February 24, 1848.
11. Second Republic—February 26, 1848, to December 2, 1851.
12. Presidency for Ten Years—January 15, 1852, to December 2, 1853.
13. The Empire restored—December 9, 1852. Here, then, in a few lines, is the history of the government in France during the last seventy years. What future changes may take place no one can prophesy; but the moral of the past is, that in France nothing is stable except instability.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Prince de Ligne called it "a peculiarly French arm," owing to the manner in which our soldiers used it; but the real value of it was not revealed till the wars of national independence.

Then the bayonet really became a French arm. "The bullet is wild," said Suarhoff, "but the bayonet is prudent and sure."—*Moniteur*.

THE REMAINS OF JACKSON.

The Governor of Tennessee has communicated to the Legislature of that State a letter from Major Andrew Jackson, in which he remonstrates against the removal of the remains of General Andrew Jackson and his wife from the Hermitage to the Capitol grounds. Major Jackson says that it was Gen. Jackson's dying request that his remains and those of his wife should not be removed. He says:

"He called me and my wife up to his bedside and said: 'My son and daughter, it may become necessary for you to sell or dispose of the Hermitage grounds hereafter; but I beg of you to let my remains and those of my dear wife remain together at the Hermitage—a sacred spot to me—there to rest in peace and quiet until the final day of judgment, when Lord and Master will call for us.'

WHITEFIELD A SLAVEHOLDER.

The Westminster Review states that Whitefield, the great revivalist preacher, was at one time a slaveholder, being, at his death, the owner of fifty slaves, men, women and children, whom he left, in his will, to the Countess of Huntington.

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.

Antiquarian discoveries, of the greatest interest, have lately been made in the Great Desert, beyond the River Jordan, by an English gentleman, C. C. GRAHAM, Esq., who read a paper on the subject to the Royal Asiatic Society, on January 7th. Far to the east of the district of the Hauran, and in a region unvisited by any European traveler, he found five ancient towns, all as perfect as if the inhabitants had just left them—the houses retaining the massive stone doors which are characteristic of the architecture of that region. One of the cities is remarkable for a large building, like a castle, built of white stone, beautifully cut. Further eastward, other places were found where "every stone was covered with inscriptions" in an unknown character, bearing some apparent likeness to the Greek alphabet, but probably referable (in the opinion of Mr. GRAHAM) to the ancient Hamyaritic alphabet, formerly in use in Southern Arabia. Copies and impressions of several inscriptions are presented, and will, no doubt, engage the attention of Orientists.

THE LOCUSTS THIS YEAR.

A writer in the National Intelligencer, speaking of the locusts this year, says that they will commence emerging in North Carolina about the 10th of May, and a few days later for every hundred miles as we progress north, until the 1st of June, in Washington county, N. Y. This will afford a fine opportunity to test the correctness of the assertion that they do not appear regularly every seventeen years. None of the Southern tribes (thirteen-year locusts) appear this year. He gives the following, among other States, to be occupied by them:

Maryland—from Anne Arundel county to the middle of St. Mary's county; from the Chesapeake to the Potomac river. Virginia—from the south part of Loudoun county to the Roanoke river; from the Blue Ridge to the Potomac river. North Carolina—Caswell, Rockingham, Stokes, Guilford, Rowan, Surry and adjacent counties.

The Traitorous States.

The Committee of the Virginia Legislature on the Harper's Ferry Raid, in the close of their report, review the action of the several non-slaveholding States which have nullified the Fugitive Slave Law and the Constitutional compact on which it is founded. We may collect and condense (says the *Macmillan Telegraph*) some of the results of their investigations, which would otherwise fill two columns of our journal, as follows:

States which prohibited the officers and citizens from aiding in the execution of the law: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Michigan.

States which provide defense for the fugitive: Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin.

States which declare the fugitive free, if brought by their masters into the State: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont.

States which declare him free absolutely: New Hampshire.

Comforts provided for the master who pursues his rights under the law and Constitution, but in contravention of treasonable State statutes, framed for the purpose of embarrassing his action, defeating his claim, and in every possible way ingenuity can suggest, rendering the law entirely ineffectual:

	Fines.	Imprisonment.
In Maine.....	\$5000	Five years.
Vermont.....	2000	Fifteen years.
Massachusetts.....	5000	Five years.
Connecticut.....	500	Five years.
Pennsylvania.....	10	

Miscellaneous News Items.

NEGROES INCITED TO KILL THEIR OVERSEER BY AN ABOLITIONIST.

We yesterday, from a reliable source, says the Memphis Avalanche of the 23d ult., learned the particulars of the tragedy in Ashley county, Arkansas, which has created a great excitement in that locality. Jasper Murray, overseer of Samuel M. Carter, of Georgia, who has recently settled a plantation in Arkansas, was killed by the negroes on the place a few days since. Inquiries instituted developed the fact that the crime was committed at the instigation of an abolitionist named Sned, who promised the negroes that if they would kill the overseer and get his money, he would carry them to a free State. Five of the negroes and the white man were arrested, and are in jail at Hamburg, Ashley county. As before stated the most intense excitement prevails in the neighborhood, and it would not be surprising if Sned met his deserts in a most summary manner.

POETRY A CAPITAL OFFENCE!

It is thus related in Scottish annals:—"In 1579, an act was passed against idle beggars and sic as make themselves fools and bards." And the annals go on to register:—"Two poets hanged in August, under act of Parliament against bards and minstrels."

FAREWELL SPEECH OF FANNY KEMBLE.

A few evenings since, Mrs. Fanny Kemble read "Hamlet" in Boston to an immense audience, it being her last appearance before the public. At the close of the reading she made the following parting remarks, in a style, it is stated, which suffused with tears many an eye fixed upon the speaker, those "gracious drops at times nearly choking her own utterance":

"Friends, my work is done, but I could not bid you adieu without saying a few words, especially as I have been obliged to decline a honor conferred upon me by a request not to take a final leave of you this evening. It is time that the book should be closed. I have now been before the public five and twenty years. Few women would care to be remembered in public for a longer period. Shakespeare may find better and abler interpreters, but I believe none more willing. I esteem it my good fortune that I am permitted to close my labors in Boston, where so long ago I appeared. Possibly some of my audience now present may remember me at that time. I cannot be too grateful for the city. Long live this noble land, this glorious New England. May Heaven's richest blessings descend upon you. May peace, prosperity and plenty attend you and your homes. I respectfully, gratefully and regretfully take my leave of you. Farewell, farewell!"

We think Mrs. Butler will leave no one worthy to wear her mantle in the peculiar line of characters she has assumed during the past 25 years. As a dramatic reader, she is without a rival. Reading before audiences the most select and learned in all the principal cities throughout the Union.

DEATH OF GEN. MARSTELLER.

Died in this town, on Saturday, the 3d inst. General L. H. Marsteller, aged about 50 years.

General Marsteller was a native of Virginia, but removed to Wilmington early in life, where he occupied a prominent and influential position until failing health compelled his retirement from active pursuits. At different times he filled various public positions of honor and responsibility, having represented this County in both branches of the State Legislature, been a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1850, been Collector of this Port and County Court Clerk for many years—been successively Colonel of the County, Brigadier-General and Major-General.

General Marsteller possessed a clear mind and sound judgment combined with popular manners, and those other sterling qualities of head and heart which gave to him the great popularity which he enjoyed.—*Wilmington Herald.*

FALL OF A METEOR.

A large and brilliant meteor fell about three miles from Hummelstown, Pa., on Tuesday night last, between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock. It left an extensive trail of fire behind it as it descended to the earth, and some of the "natives" who witnessed it were terribly alarmed.

From statistics lately prepared, relating to the extent of lunacy among the negroes of the various States of the Union, we find that in Louisiana, there is one lunatic out of 2477 negroes; in S. Carolina, one in 1969; in Massachusetts, one in 43; in Maine, one in 11. Positive evidence, we imagine, that freedom is not the normal condition of the negro race.

NEW BONNETS.

The oracle of fashion writes from New York that the little bonnets are in the last stage of tottering decline, therefore it is useless to comment upon the *pokes*, the bristling front and coal-scuttles of the present style. Women have only to make themselves as charming and fascinating as possible. The fashionable mode of trimming or mixing black lace in everything is decidedly becoming to every complexion, and while blonde certainly tones down and softens indescribably every style of face, lending newer charms and brilliancy to dark eyes, and lighting up the countenance. The *Zouave* hat for girls is described as very pretty and saucy made of pedal braid the edges laid over in place of being rolled up. The *Adelaide* hats are equally pretty for little demoiselles, of the hemp and half hair braid, with a fall of white blonde interwoven with white satin bugles—the most coquettish little affairs yet seen.

COLTS ARMORY.

We regret to learn that one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the State, located in this city, owing to the falling off in Southern trade, and the scarcity of Government orders, is about to suspend a large amount of work in progress, and discharge some hundreds of hands, who have been kept employed during the winter months through the liberality of its proprietor. We hope they will find employment readily, and whether they remain in our goodly city, or seek their fortune elsewhere, they will carry with them the warm friendship of their fellow workmen, and the kindest wishes of their employer, Colonel Colt.—*Hartford Times.*

STATE OF AFFAIRS ON THE RIO GRANDE.

WASHINGTON, March 6.—The President today replied to the Senate's resolution calling for information in reference to the present condition of affairs on the Rio Grande.

Among the documents is a letter from Governor Houston, dated Austin, February 15th, addressed to the Secretary of War, in which he says he deplores the situation of Texas, with an empty treasury, and Indian troubles unexampled for the last ten years; and forens from Mexico on the Southern border. And he says in the name of humanity, shall not the Federal arm be speedily raised and extended in behalf of our suffering frontier? Should this not be done, the Governor says he will in a short time be compelled to resort to the indefensible right of self-defence, to protect the border, and not only to defeat the enemy, but to prevent the recurrence of similar disorders on the frontiers. Texas can and will, if applied to in thirty days, be able to muster in the field ten thousand men, who are anxious, embarrassed as her finances are, to make reparation upon Mexico for all her wrongs. Can she hope for aid from the Federal Government? She will, in addition to her manifest forbearance, venture yet to defer to the action of the Federal Government.

The Secretary of War in his letter to the President, March 5th, gives a synopsis of all the recent transactions on the Rio Grande. Nothing, he says, can exceed the contrariety of opinion in relation to them among those having the best opportunity to inform themselves. The call of Governor Houston is the first which has yet been made by the authorities of Texas for any assistance in these disturbances from this Government. No doubt because it was considered by them up to this time as a matter involving local laws and interests rather than such as pertained to the honor and interests of the Confederacy. But on the call of the Governor of Texas and upon the undeniable proofs of the gross outrages committed on our soil, the Secretary of War says he has not hesitated to order a concentration of all the force upon that frontier which the exigencies of the service elsewhere would allow.

Among the documents is a letter to Governor Houston from one of the Texas Commissioners sent to Brownsville, dated February 2d, in which he says, although many turbulent leaders exist among the Mexicans, the Mexican people as a mass are hoping for deliverance from monarchy, and would rejoice at the establishment of a stable form of government which would protect their lives and property and give them peace.

Many of the intelligent people of the State of Tamaulipas regard a Protectorate as the only means by which Mexico can be redeemed from the reign of anarchy and petty tyrants. That there is a deep-seated hostility on the part of many to everything American there can be no doubt, but with the great mass of Mexicans, they would yield before the same course of justice and humanity which has characterized the United States in its annexation and acquisition policy.

Gen. Scott has issued the following order from headquarters, New York, for the movement of troops to operate in Texas:

Eighty-six recruits from the cavalry depot at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., fifty-nine to be assigned to French's and Hunt's batteries, on the Rio Grande, and twenty-seven to the second regiment of cavalry, on the Indian frontier. Four hundred and nine recruits are also ordered from the general service depot at Fort Columbus, New York harbor, for the first artillery and first and eighth regiments of infantry, now stationed on the frontier of Texas. These recruits will leave New York about the 15th inst., proceed in vessels direct to the mouth of the Mississippi, and the recruits sent by steamer to Indianola and Brazos St. Jago, those for the second cavalry, first and eighth infantry, going to Indianola, the remainder to the Brazos.

There is now exhibiting at Boston a hog which weighs 1197 pounds, or, as estimated when brought over the Lowell Railroad, recently, 1218 pounds. The animal, which is of pure Mackay breed, is about 7 feet long, and over 3½ feet high. Its legs and head are not larger than those of ordinary 300 pounds hogs, and the root of its tail is concealed by the overhanging mass of fat. It is a few days over two years old, and has been fed on mixed corn and oat meal.

A TEMPTING OFFER DECLINED.

Miss Martha Haines Butt, says the Tappan-hannock Southerner, the beautiful and talented young authoress, of Norfolk, has recently received a matrimonial offer from Frederick, the young Prince of Denmark, who fell in love with her at the President's levee last week. Miss B. refused him, preferring the position of a free American lady to that of a Danish Queen. The Prince has returned to Europe disconsolate.

ALLEGED DEFALCATION.

The *De Soto Eagle* of the 18th has the following:

It is currently reported that Mr. Hunt, receiver of the Land Office at Natchitoches, is defaulter to the General Government in the amount of between sixty and one hundred thousand dollars. The office therefore will be closed until a settlement of the matter, or until other arrangements can be made. It is generally believed by those with whom we have conversed relative to the affair that Mr. Hunt will be fully able in time, or as soon as he can gather his means, to liquidate the sum of which he is supposed to be in default for.

MUTINY ON A BRITISH SHIP.

Charleston, March 5.—The black crew of the British ship *Aranning* mutinied on Sunday. One negro was ironed and another shot, though not mortally.

THE ARAB'S WONDER.

An English traveler describes the speechless amazement with which a wild Arab chief of the desert watched, in a tent near Cairo, the development of a photograph of the Great Sphinx.

When the features of the mysterious sculpture were revealed on the glass, the Arab turned to his companion, and, pointing to the photograph, exclaimed, "He is the eldest son of Satan!"

TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK.

The ship *Luna*, Havre for New Orleans, was wrecked near Cherbourg, and one hundred and five lives lost—only two men saved.

EXPECTED REAPPEARANCE OF THE COMET OF 1556.

Prof. Levering, in one of his late Astronomical lectures before the Lowell Institute, said that the great comet of 1556, which caused the abdication of Charles V. of Spain, is confidently expected to reappear during the present year, and French Astronomers are even now on the look-out for it. If no error has been made in the revised calculations, it will probably be seen from this planet during the fall of 1860.—*Boston Spy.*

IS THIS SO?

The Providence correspondent of the Boston Journal says: "The Sons of Malta have at last exploded. Both lodges in this city have 'gone under,' and the institution is breaking up all over the country."

MORMON OUTRAGES.

The editor of the Salt Lake City *Valley Times* having stated that life was insecure in Utah, to such as were put under the ban of the church, was denounced by an elder of the church, W. C. Stains. Two civil officials afterward called upon him and informed him that they would not be responsible for his safety. The mayor of the city also stated that threats had been made and his life was not safe. The editor, Mr. S. DeWolf, says in his paper:

I deemed those several warnings and intimations of danger, of sufficient importance to address a note to Gov. Cumming, informing him of them, and inquiring of him whether I was to expect the protection of the law while conducting myself as a law abiding man. To this inquiry the Governor returned me the assurance of his protection as far as it could be extended, or in case of violence done or attempted, of his endeavors to hold the parties to proper accountability, whether the city authorities would do so or not.

I have related these particulars, and been precise in doing so, not for any purpose of drawing the attention of the public towards me as an individual, but to illustrate the condition of things here and the despotism which the Mormons still try to exercise over any who oppose the infamous system which they profess and misname religion.

The threats made against me for asking a statement which I, in common with almost every man in this valley not connected with the Mormon Church, believe is true, affords proof, if no other was found, of the correctness of all that I said about the insecurity of life here to such as fell under the ban of the church authorities, and I have not a word of retraction to make of any line or paragraph that I have written on this subject; on the contrary, I will reiterate again my firm belief of the truth of all that I have said, and take the risk of what ever consequences may result from a repetition of my former statement. In addition to that statement I will add that murder has been sanctioned from the pulpit of the Mormon tabernacle in this city, and there is no contestable proof on record that men have been murdered in this Territory whose death was deliberated about and decided on the meeting or meetings over which a person holding a position in the Mormon church presided; and if any one sees proper to deny this statement, the records shall be forthcoming. It is on record, further, that atrocities have been committed against the person of a man in this Territory, compared, with which murder would be tender kindness, and that ecclesiastical authorities were also concerned in this transaction.

In addition to that, the proof shall also be produced. We might go on and relate other instances, but these shall suffice at present.

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

The Parliament of Canada opened at Quebec on Tuesday last. The Governor's speech announced that a reply has been received from the Queen of England to the invitation of the last session of Parliament, and that the Prince of Wales may be expected to visit Canada during the coming summer. He refers to the satisfactory arrangements for the transmission of the European and American mails by the Canadian steamers; speaks of the settlements

of the boundary line between Upper and Lower Canada, and of the consolidation of the municipal law of Lower Canada; congratulates Parliament on the issue of the consolidated Statutes of Canada; calls attention to the law of debtor and creditor; to the present system of currency and banking rates with a view to further legislation; administration of the Crown lands; congratulates the House on having surmounted the financial difficulties; says that papers will be laid before the House with reference to the consolidation of the public debt and the recent success of the Minister of Finance in attaining the object; says that the commercial depression has diminished credit, but impresses on the Government necessity of strict economy; asks the requisite provisions for the public service; finds a subject of congratulation in the bountiful harvest of last season and the present signs of revival of commerce; trusts that the marks of prosperity may continue to increase, and that law and order may be maintained; and rejoices that but few subjects of a broad and important character remain requiring immediate legislation.

TELEGRAPH TO THE PACIFIC.

The Senate committee having the subject in charge have, we understand, reported unanimously, in favor of the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph bill as amended by Mr. Gwin. This bill authorizes the Postmaster General to contract with certain persons for the building for the use of the government of a line of telegraph

from the point on the Mississippi river to San Francisco, with connecting branches to various prominent points. The contract is limited to ten years and the bonus offered by the government, is fifty thousand dollars per annum during that period, together with the free use of any unappropriated public land that may be required, and the privilege of buying at \$1.25 per acre such portion of said land as may be necessary for the purposes of the company. In return for these very liberal grants, the company will be expected to accord to the United States, at all times a priority in the use of their line. It is stipulated that the work shall be completed within the compass of two years from the 1st of next July.

RODMAN'S MONSTER CANNON.

The monster cannon designed by Maj. Rodman, U. S. Army, and recently cast at the Fort Pitt Works, Pittsburgh, is now being bored. The gun weighs some forty-eight thousand pounds. It has a bore of fifteen inches diameter, and thirteen feet nine inches in length. It has twenty-five inches of solid metal at the breech, making its extreme length fourteen and a half feet. At the breech, the outside diameter is four feet; at the muzzle, twenty-eight and nine-tenths inches. It will project a ball of four hundred and twenty-one pounds a distance of five or six miles, with a tolerably accurate range of four miles. No gun approaching it in size or weight has ever been cast. The largest English guns are made of iron staves, bound together. Some brass pieces of greater length have been cast, but no gun of more than twelve inch bore.

FORTY NINE CHILDREN DROWNED.

From the Quincy (Illinois) Herald, we learn that a most terrible calamity, rivaling that of the Pemberton Mill, occurred on Thursday last near the town of Hardin, Ill., on the Illinois river about 25 miles above Alton. Fifty school children in attendance at a university at that place, went out to play on the ice. The ice gave way and with one exception all were lost.

Our informant was unable to give further particulars but he represents that the village was a scene of universal mourning, almost every family in it having lost one or more of its members.

PENNINGTON'S PAGE.

At present the main stay of Pennington is the page who stands upon the right, a youth of fine appearance and something near nineteen years of age. This page was appointed to office by Speaker Boyd, and has ever since continued to discharge the duties of "Page to the Speaker," among which is now reckoned the duty of prompting the Speaker in discharging his business. He stands near the Speaker and directs him in an unison how to put every motion, and how to decide points of order as they arise. "Thaddeus" is known to all the politicians of the country as the most remarkable parliamentarian of his age living. With the construction of the rules of order he is perfectly familiar, and every precedent he has at his fingers' ends.

REMARKABLE SHOOTING—WM. TELL ECLIPSED.

Mr. Frederick Whitehead, of this city, who is engaged in Storm's shooting gallery, on Fourth street, bids fair to eclipse the world-renowned hero and patriot, Wm. Tell. The other evening, while in the gallery, we saw him shoot an apple from the head of another gentleman who stood at the distance of ten paces. What makes this feat a remarkable one is the fact that it was performed with a pistol and ball, and not with an air-gun, which is usually employed in shooting galleries. The same gentleman stood off ten paces and held a seven-spot diamond card in his hand. Mr. Whitehead, with a pistol and ball, shot five spots out of the card.—*St. Louis Bulletin.*

SUCCESSION TO JUDGE INGERSOLL.

The president has appointed Wm. D. Chapman United States district judge for Connecticut, in place of Judge Ingersoll, deceased.

LIBERAL.

The city of Portland, Me., has contributed seven cents to the Washington Monument since the collection boxes have been placed in the post-office of that city.

School Statistics of Georgia.

One of the most interesting portions of the recent message of the Governor of Georgia, is that relating to the progress of education, and particularly in regard to the operation of the school law adopted by the preceding legislature. The body, says the Governor, took an important step in the right direction in appropriating \$100,000 of the income of the State Road to Common School Education. He recommends that the appropriation be increased to \$150,000 which, with other means, will make the common school fund about \$200,000 per annum. He also recommends the appointment of a State Superintendent of Education, to whom the county ordinaries shall report. He makes some other minor suggestions in regard to the school law but in general appears satisfied with the law as it now is.

Returns have only been received from 102 counties in the State, and these report the following statistics:—Whole number of children between the ages of 8 and 18, 107,825; number between 8 and 18 taught in 1859, 67,155; total of all persons taught, 73,922; of these 44,000 are males, and 31,832 are females. Whole number of males taught in the higher branches, 22,681. Whole number of females taught in the higher branches, 8,022. Average tuition, per annum, in the elementary branches \$26.00. Whole number of school houses, 1,775; number of schools, 1,775. Number of Methodist male colleges, 4, pupils, 358; Methodist female colleges, 4, pupils, 524; Baptist male colleges, 3, pupils, 267; Baptist female colleges 4, pupils, 322; Presbyterian male colleges, 1, pupils, 97; Presbyterian female colleges, 2, 326; Colleges and high schools not sectarian, male 16, pupils 774; female 16, pupils 1,222; number of academies 57. Out of the 102 counties 39 have appointed boards to examine teachers, and 129 teachers have passed an examination."

Only eighty-four counties have levied and collected a county tax to be added to their school fund. The aggregate amount raised thus by the eighty-four counties is \$63,997. The Governor recommends the withholding of its proportion of the State fund from each county which fails to levy a tax of at least 45 per cent. upon the State tax for educational purposes. This uniform rate, he says, would increase the entire education disbursements of the State to \$300,000 per annum.

From the *Wilmington Journal*.

Who Made Your Shoes?

Wilmington, N. C. Feb. 1

THE TIMES.



GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday.....March 17, 1860.

C. C. COOK, J. W. ALBRIGHT, Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to **THE TIMES**:

E. W. CARTHERS, D. D., GEO. W. COTTRILL,
W. R. HUNTER, R. C. STAPLES,
J. S. H. HOWARD, S. H. COOPER,
M. L. H. SHOURDS, Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL,
Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, NATALIA C. SMILEY,
S. G. D. DODGE, MARY E. DODGE,
MARY E. JAYNIN, OTTE E. LINWOOD,
WILLIE E. PARSON, CLARA AUGUSTA,
IN. G. DUNN, MARY E. DODGE,
ANNA M. DATES, PAUL RAVINWOOD,
GRACE MILTON, MARY O. LEET,
M. ST. GEORGE, JULIA SOUTHLAND,
Mrs. C. BUTCHERS, Mrs. M. A. BRYAN,
GRIPPIETH BELL, J. C. FITZGERALD
and others.

ANOTHER PRIZE STORY.

THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL;
BY CLARA AUGUSTA;
BY CLARA AUGUSTA;
BY CLARA AUGUSTA;
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Commencement in **THE TIMES** for the week ending 17th March. The Committee awarded to **THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL**, for its superior execution and composition.

THE HIGHEST PRIZE.
THE HIGHEST PRIZE.
THE HIGHEST PRIZE.
THE HIGHEST PRIZE.

THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL has a complicated plot, revealing in its thrilling delineations, life as it is. CLARA AUGUSTA is one of the first story writers in America; her stories are admired wherever read, for they elevate the mind of the reader to nobler aspirations and his heart to a higher life.

A few extra copies of **THE TIMES** will be printed to supply subscribers with back numbers; but to make sure of the copies, subscriptions should be immediately sent to

COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

The Lady of Atherton Hall.

We commence this beautiful story in this week's paper, and would state that persons who were so much annoyed by losing the connexion of the last story had better subscribe in time. It is worse than folly to depend, on borrowing your friend's copy until after all the family have read it—and then some of the children may destroy it, before your time comes—and thus you have lost more than the subscription price in this story alone.

Common Schools in N. Carolina.

We have received the General Superintendent's Report for 1859, and examined it with much pleasure. It shows a gradual, but marked, improvement in the educational facilities of our State. The Superintendent, Rev. C. H. Wiley, has labored very zealously, and although the work is very laborious, yet he has the satisfaction of seeing his labors crowned with success.

We learn there are reports, more or less full, of the whole number of white persons in the State between the ages of 6 and 21 years from 74 counties. The sum of these is as follows, to wit: Males, 93,491; Females, 86,873; and of those whose sexes are not distinguished, 11,378; making in all 186,744.

There are reports, not generally full, of the number of children attending school during the year 1859 in 77 counties, the sum of which is: Males, 61,496; Females, 47,442; in all 108,938.

Seventy-eight counties report the number of school districts which they contain to be three thousand three hundred and seventy-three.

There are reports from seventy-nine counties, of the number of Schools taught, the sum of which is two thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight.

There are lists, very often imperfect, of the names and grades of teachers licensed in seventy-one counties, and the following is a statement of the number: Males, 1,843; Females, 156; of those whose sex is not distinguished, 67; in all 2,066.

The average length of the schools was about four months.

The average salary of teachers was at least twenty-eight dollars per month, a material advance on former prices.

The reported receipts of school moneys by Chairmen of Boards of County Superintendents in 70 counties, were \$879,842 64. The reported expenditures in the same counties were, \$235,410 57, and the balance in the hands of chairmen was, \$145,123 01.

To make these sums balance or prove each other, it must be remembered that the expenditures in Bertie, Cleveland and Wilkes amounted to \$700 95 over the receipts, and that this amount must be added to the total receipts or subtracted from the sum of disbursements and balances.

The whole amount of taxes reported in 59 counties is \$78,160 19, being an average of about \$1288 to the county, which would make the school tax of the whole State about \$105,000.

According to the returns for the year 1859, the average number of children attending

school during the year was 1,414, to the county; and this would give 120,100 as the number attending school in all the counties of the State during the year.

The average reported attendance to the county in the year 1857, was 1,326, and the whole attendance, according to this, 112,710; increase from 1857 to 1858, 3,145; from 1858 to 1859, 4,335.

There are in the State from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and thirty thousand children between the ages of 6 and 21 years; and that of these at least one hundred and fifty-five thousand attend the Common Schools.

The whole white population of the State is possibly from five hundred and seventy-five to five hundred and eighty-five thousand; though it is hoped this calculation may turn out to be considerably under the mark.

What will be the Consequence?

The following from the *New York Day Book* speaks volumes on the subject of Seward's "irrepressible conflict," as shadowed forth in his speeches and through the columns of the Black Republic can press in the Northern States. Look at these things and picture to yourselves the consequences if you remain inactive:

"The system of Society at the South, the very relation of master and 'slave,' has preserved our country from the condition of Hayti and Jamaica, and yet all the journals referred to above are either directly or indirectly engaged in endeavoring to subvert this relation to overthrow it and to make Alabama, Mississippi and Texas as worthless as Hayti or Nicaragua! This is just what they are engaged in trying to do night and day. All they write or say is to this end and no other. They would

destroy our trade and commerce with the South by turning the negroes 'free' and thus cutting off our production. It is no use for them to say it would not have this effect, for everybody knows better. Here are facts and figures."

The following is the entire cotton production of the British West India Islands for ten years preceding the abolition of slavery and for twenty years succeeding, as given from the table of the British Board of Trade:

1835	36,516,431 pounds.
1845	13,412,611 "
1855	6,878,065 "

But we can make the case still plainer. Ten years before emancipation the general imports of England from the West India colonies were £9,496,950, and years after emancipation they were only £2,158,117! In Jamaica the yield of sugar in 1828 was 101,575 hhd., and in 1848 only 29,165 hhd! In Demerara, in 1828, 60,128 hhd. were produced, in 1848, only 21,317 hhd! But these facts are only samples of what might be presented.

Literary Mortality.

We copy the following from the "Bookseller's Medium":

"The tables of literary mortality show the following appalling facts in regard to the chances of an author to secure lasting fame:

"Out of 1000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing, etc., 200 just pay

expenses, 100 return a slight profit, and 160 show a substantial gain. Of these 1000 books, 650 are forgotten by the end of the year; and 150 more at the end of three years; only 50 survive seven years' publicity. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the 17th century, hardly more than 50 have a great reputation and are reprinted. Of the 80,000 works published in the 18th century, posterity has hardly preserved more than were rescued from oblivion in the 17th century. Men have

been writing books these 3,000 years, and there are hardly more than 500 writers through out the globe who have survived the outrages of time and the forgetfulness of man."

"So runs a newspaper paragraph. Authors are, however, better taken care of in great libraries and by the cities, who are continually diving into the depths of the past, and dragging up drowned honour, by the locks."

A New Swindle.

We find the following letter in several of our exchanges, and publish it to put our readers on their guard:

Office St. Martin's le Grand, London, Eng., 4th Feby. 1860.

DEAR SIR: It devolves upon our office to notify you that an American gentleman has recently died in Birmingham, leaving a will in your favor to a very considerable amount.

It should have your early attention.

The expense of obtaining a copy of the will to forward you, including all law costs, will not exceed Sixteen Shillings Sterling, or Four Dollars.

It will be necessary for you to write to the Hon. Edward Kane, Birmingham, England, once for the will. Enclose him a letter of ours, and also \$4 in North Carolina bills. He will then immediately transmit you a copy of the will, duly attested, with full particulars and advice. We have informed Mr. Kane that you would apply to him.

Very truly, sir,
Your obedient servants and fellow-countrymen,
GORDON & FIELD,
U. States Attorneys.

The above affair is a swindle, and intended as a trap for the unwary.

The youthful widow of Oliver Brown, the son of John Brown, killed at Harper's Ferry, gave birth to a daughter, at North Elba, New York, on the 3d, but the child of sorrow lived only three days.

The Book Department.

Being a Record of recent American Publications.

THE PILLAR OF FIRE; OR ISRAEL IN EGYPT. By Rev. J. H. Ingroham, rector of Christ Church, and of St. Thomas' Hall, Holly Springs, Mississippi. Author of the *Prince of the House of David*. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans, Publisher.

The Pillar of Fire is similar in style and character to the Prince of the House of David, and is equally as popular. It is, however, less subjected to the objection sometimes urged against the latter for its familiarity in the treatment of the life of Christ, since Moses, the hero of the Pillar of Fire, is only man. Mr. Ingroham has been a most diligent student of Egyptian history, and separate and apart from the interest the reader may take in the life of Moses and the history of the Israelites, it gives much interesting instruction in this. The greatest objection to the work if we were called upon for objections, is owing to the manner in which the author has gotten it up. Being composed entirely of letters, much of it is necessarily compelled to be repetition; or facts are stated in that easy style, which requires much speaking to convey an idea. As letters, they are most admirable; but as history they are neither true, nor yet as fiction is there a well-connected plot to draw upon the reader's curiosity and anxiety. The character of the work has drawn upon the author far more labor, and yet will not be read with that interest which a regular novel would have elicited.

The plan and character of the work is very correctly delineated in the author's chapter to the reader. There is much difficulty in correctly understanding the early Egyptian history, and the explanations here given are very necessary to a proper study of the work:

"The idea of illustrating scenes of that period of the history of Egypt in which the Israelites were held in bondage by her kings, and presenting it from a point of view outside of the Mosaic narrative, yet strictly harmonizing therewith, occurred to the writer some years ago.

"In view of his object, he has carefully studied the history and chronology of Egypt, and endeavored to inform his mind upon the manners, customs, laws, religion and polity of the ancient Egyptians, so far as to aid him in an intelligent and practical execution of his work.

"The difficulties which the question of dynasty, and of individual reigns have presented, will be understood by the Egyptian student. Whatever chronology or theory the author might finally decide upon, he saw would be open to the objections of adherents of the opposite school.

"After a thorough examination of the subject of the dynasties, the author has followed, chiefly, the chronology and theory of Nolan and Seydel, whose opinions are sustained by the ablest scholars.

"But this week is by no means a 'Book on Egypt.' It professes to have nothing more to do with Egyptian antiquities, mythology, chronology, and history, than these naturally assemble about his subject, which is, mainly, 'The Bondage and Deliverance of the Children of Israel from the Land of Egypt.'

"The plan upon which the author has constructed his work is similar to that of 'The Prince of the House of David,' viz., by presenting the scenes and events he would describe, through a series of letters, alleged to be written by one who is supposed to witness with his own eyes what he is made to place before those of the reader.

"As in 'The Prince of the House of David,' a young Jewish maiden is supposed to witness many of the most remarkable scenes in the human life of the Lord Jesus, and to write them to her father in Egypt, so in the present work a young prince of Phoenicia is made the medium of communication between the author and his reader.

"This prince, Sesostris, the son of the King and Queen of Phoenicia, upon reaching the age of eight and twenty, prepares to go into Egypt, for the purpose of studying the laws and arts, religion and government of that country, which, at this period, was the most powerful kingdom of the earth. Mistress of wisdom, learning, and letters, she drew to her brilliant court youths, nobles, philosophers, and travelers of all lands; as in later centuries, even in her decadence, Greece sent her scholars there to be perfected in the sciences and philosophies of her academies.

"Young Sesostris takes leave of his mother, now a widowed queen, and embarks in the royal galley at the marble pier of the palace of the Isle of Tyre. He bears letters to Amense, the queen of Egypt, commanding him to her court.

"Between Egypt and Phoenicia existed bonds, not only of friendly alliance, but of relationship. But few centuries had passed since a king of Phoenicia, at the head of a vast army of Syrians, invaded Egypt, and taking Memphis, set up a foreign throne in the valley of the Nile.

"Under this dynasty of conquerors, Joseph ruled in Egypt, and Jacob dwelt; for, being Syrians, these new Pharaohs regarded with partiality the descendants of Abraham, who also were 'Syrians.'

"But after the death of Joseph, not many years elapsed ere the Theban kings of Upper Egypt invaded the Memphis realm of the Nile, and, overturning the power of this foreign dynasty, friendly to the sons of Israel, re-established the native Egyptian monarchy, which knew not Joseph, nor recognized the descendants of Abraham dwelling in the land.

On the contrary, looking upon them as of similar lineage with the expelled Syrian or Assyrian invaders, as they were equally called, the new monarch and conqueror, Amosis, at once placed them in subjection, and oppressed them with a bitter bondage.

"This new Egyptian monarchy, under Pharaoh-Amosis, came into power again, some years after the death of Joseph, during which period the children of Israel had increased to a great people. For the space of seventy years their oppression was continued by successive kings, until, under Amenophis I. (the father of Amense, 'Pharaoh's daughter,') the alarming increase of the numbers of the Hebrews led this monarch to take harsher measures with them, 'for the more they multiplied and grew.' Fearing for the stability of his kingdom, if they should rise upon their askamites, and remembering the Syrian shepherd-kings, who had so lately ruled Egypt, he issued the command for the destruction of all their male children as soon as born!

"At the time of the promulgation of this sanguinary edict, Amense was a young princess, whose feet the little ark, containing the infant Moses, God-directed, came.

"The theory of Egyptian chronology which we have decided to follow, represents this princess as the Queen of Egypt, at the time we present the Prince Sesostris of Tyre to the reader. Under her wise rule, Egypt had attained the culmination of its glory and power. Her father, having died, after reigning twenty-two years, she began her brilliant reign when Moses was twelve years of age—B. C. about 1550. She had been upon the throne twenty-one years, when the prince Sesostris prepared to visit her court.

Is Friday an Unlucky Day?

On Friday, August 21, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great discovery. On Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land. On Friday, January 3, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement on this vast continent.

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FOR THE TIMES.
My Father Guides the Helm.
Translated from the German of Fr. J. G.—
BY ELIAS VAN LINDEN.

Wild roars the storm, and mountain high
The billows rise and fall;
And crew and all in that proud ship
For aile to Heaven call.
The captain's son is seen on deck,
A young and lovely child;
But he can smile and look so calm
Or storm and waves so wild;
Where dread and fight and terror reign,
And many a heart despairs,
This little one stands quiet
Without a shade of fear.

A sailor strove hard to retain
The courage often tried—
He thought of wife and child at home,
And strive in vain he might;
He saw the calm face of the child—
With inward rage he asks:
"Art thou alone, thou baby boy,
Well fitted for these tasks,
And fearless not the Sea-god's power,
His roaring, foaming realm?"
The child looks smiling up to him—
"My father guides the helm."

O could we as this little child
Stand trustingly and brave,
And fear no dark and stormy night
Nor agitated wave,
Nor even sorrow's sharpest pang,
Nor pain from human hand,
But walk with faith the roughest path,
To reach you blessed land;
And look in deepest, darkest night
To that great glorious realm
And still believe in humbleness,
"Our Father guides the helm."

Then give us, Father, faithful hearts,
And trust in thee, and love,
Let us not cling to earth below;
But cling to Thee above;
And if from our deepest woes
We have of hope no ray,
Then show us through these prison walls
A brighter light of day;
When we bemoan of all we love
In this dear, lonely realm,
Then may we think still trusting
"Our Father guides the helm."

Vivitz Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE LADY
OF
ATHERTON HALL!

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER I.
The Suspected Clerk.
The dignity of truth is lost
With much pretension." BEN JOHNSON.

ATHERTON HALL was the handsomest building in aristocratic Belleville; and it is well known that every Massachusetts village boasts many a splendid piece of architecture.

The site could not well have been finer, or the view more beautifully extensive. The house crowned a green eminence, a score of rods from the broad sweep of the Charles river; and from its windows the eye ranged over a delightful variety of scenery, hill and valley, forest and meadow land; while a couple of miles to the east, the Charlestown monument lifted up its granite finger against the sky; and is a long, continuous line the spires of Boston glittered in the sunlight. The distant horizon met the sea; the sea so darkly blue, that but for the sail which dotted, here and there, its vast bosom, you would have thought an acre cloud had descended, to rest for a season, upon the earth.

Atherton Hall was built of white freestone—its Gothic doors and windows contrasting well with the massive Elizabethan pillars which upheld the carved stone porico. A mantle of verdant woodbine hung over the entire front of the hall; and when the house winds of autumn blew, they dashed the bright leaves in at the windows in a shower of fervid crimson.

To the south stretched a lawn, with a gravelled carriage way, winding up from the public road, bordered by bright-eyed pines; and shaded by rows of stately elm trees.

At the hall door, a carriage was waiting on this fair June of which we write—a sumptuous carriage, with two gray horses, and a liveried driver. Miss Winifred Atherton, the Lady of Atherton Hall, pleased to take an airing.

The horses pawed impatiently: the coachman whistled, as coachmen are prone to do; and the restless wins were stirred in the leaves of the musical elms.

She came down the broad steps at last; this lagging Winifred, leaning on the arm of her father, and toying with a white kitten which clung playfully to the fringe of her silken scarf.

The young lady—she had not seen more than fifteen summers—was a very beautiful picture to look upon, as she stood there in the calm of soft, bright sunshine, and permitted the bold breeze to lift the dark hair from her forehead.

Winifred had her father's broad, thoughtful brow; his deep, earnest eyes, and well-formed nose, but there the resemblance ceased. Mr. Atherton's hair had been chestnut; hers was nearly black; his mouth was mild, it might be, yielding; hers was proud, passionate—perhaps scornful. That little line of tempting crimson revealed more of her character than any other feature; but when she smiled and the pearl-white teeth burst forth, it seemed as if a wave of golden sunlight warm from summer skies had fallen upon you.

These two, this father and daughter, were all in all to each other—the last of a noble family which death had consigned, one by one, to the tomb. The wife and mother had slept for years in the bosom of a green grave at Auburn; the blue eyed babe of six years was nestled to her side—the only son and brother had died at sea, and been laid to rest by rough, but kindly hands in the great deep.

Robert Atherton's vast wealth—all his property in banks, railway shares, mining companies, and mail steamers—to the amount of a full million of dollars, would go to this daughter of his; this dark-eyed, crimson-lipped Winifred. No wonder the little lady could afford to be scornful; no wonder she walked the ground like a very queen; she had been ruler at Atherton Hall, so long that a spirit of command had become with her second nature.

Assisted to the carriage by her father, Winifred sank back on the cushions, while he took the seat opposite her; and the pair were whirled rapidly out towards Boston. Mr. Atherton's place of business was on Broad street; Miss Winifred was to spend the day with Mrs. Marchmont on Beacon street.

The carriage was nearly opposite the Police office, when it suddenly came to a halt, its further progress impeded by a crowd about the door of the tribunal. Mr. Atherton urged the coachman to go on, but the man pronounced it impossible, and the gentleman drew out his watch and assured himself that he was already an hour late.

Winifred contented herself with tapping the velvet carpet for awhile with her dainty foot, then she grew impatient, and spoke.

"What is the cause of this delay?"

"Some trial of interest, going on here, I should conclude, from the number of curiosities assembled," returned Mr. Atherton.

"Well, then, if we are to remain here, I see not why we should miss of gratifying our curiosity by witnessing the remarkable performance. I am going in to see for myself. It will be something entirely novel for me."

"My daughter! Winifred Atherton! you go into a police court! What can you be thinking of?"

"You are brow-stricken, papa, but I am used to being misinterpreted in that manner, so I do not much care for it. You will go in with me, I know."

Her white hand pressed his arm; those eyes so like her dead mother's looked into his. Somehow, he never could resist Winifred when in that mood.

"It is very foolish in you, my dear, to wish to mix with yonder vulgar crowd, but you are a spoiled child, and must be indulged, I suppose."

He alighted from the carriage, handed Winifred out; and a moment later, the interest of the court room was turned from the prisoner to center around the millionaire and his daughter.

The scene within the office, was by no means an uncommon one in a large city. A young man of about sixteen, was arraigned to be tried for forgery.

The circumstances, as evolved by the evidence, were briefly these—

Gerard Middleton had been under clerk in the wholesale dry goods establishment of Chambers & Marshall. He had enjoyed the confidence of his employers for two years; and his active, prompt attention to his business had won the esteem of all connected with the store, except, perhaps, that of Charles Cooper, the accountant; between whom and young Middleton there had ever existed one of those mutual antipathies for which we often find it so difficult to assign a reason.

A fortnight previously, the name of the firm had been forged to a paper of importance—a draft upon the Blackstone Bank for nine hundred dollars. The check was presented by Gerard; thrown out as unsigned by the paying teller; and the clerk was detained on a charge of forgery.

The culprit stood before his judges, pale but composed; handsome he certainly was; and his bearing was quite as haughty as though he counted his money by the thousand dollars, instead of lacking a solitary copper.

His defense was, simply, *innocence*. He had no knowledge of the check until it came, duly signed, into his hands; he was perfectly and entirely innocent.

When did ever a statement of this kind, coming from one accused, have any weight? His employers looked upon it as a hardened evasion of the truth, and Middleton was about to be carried to prison in default of bail for fifteen hundred dollars.

Winifred's quick apprehension caught the facts of the case instantly; her heart responded sympathizingly to the look of desperate despair on the youth's face. She pressed her father's arm to secure his attention.

"Will you bail this Gerard Middleton, papa?"

"No, indeed! The saints forbid!" cried Mr. Atherton, in righteous indignation.

"Then, I must do it, instead!" said Winifred with determination, and moving to the side of the magistrate, she spoke a few words in his ear. The good man started, frowned, and then smiled.

"My dear young lady, it is without precedent—this proposal of yours. It is not common for young girls to offer bail for reckless characters like this Middleton."

"Granted. Nor yet were deluges common, but one occurred, nevertheless, in the time of Nosh. If you doubt my ability to pay the money, in case this young man fails to appear at the proper time—take this as your security."

She unclasped a necklace from her throat, the diamonds of which were worth a queen's ransom, and laid it across the hand of the Justice. He put it back.

"Enough. If Miss Atherton is serious, and her father consents, no more can be said. Mr. Atherton, sir, we await your decision."

"Winifred may have her way. She is all I have to indulge, and she has taken a fancy to see the lad released. I will give bonds for him myself," returned Mr. Atherton, with much good humor; and directly the necessary papers

being drawn up and signed, Gerard Middleton was pronounced at liberty.

He advanced to the side of Miss Atherton, and held out his hand. She put her jeweled fingers into his clasp. No word was uttered, but the dark brilliant eyes of the youth spoke most eloquently his gratitude. For a moment he looked into her face—then with a slight bend of his fine figure to the people in the court room, he passed out.

"Well, daughter," said Mr. Atherton, when they were once more seated in the carriage—"you have liberated the young scamp; what do you propose to do with him?"

"Do with him? Why you will take him into the store, of course."

"There is not a single vacant place in the whole concern, and if there were a hundred, I would not admit one like him!"

"If there is no vacancy, you must create a new place to be filled. A place for this Gerard Middleton's special benefit."

"Not to save his head!"

"Very well. Then I will find a situation for him."

"Eh! what?"

"Fall in love with his handsome face, and invite him to sleep with me, if nothing more favorable offers. Our names would sound finely together, in the Morning Herald."

"Winifred Atherton, you will be in a lunatic asylum yet! Elope with him indeed! Elope with a pauper clerk!"

"I shall be obliged to do so, father, unless you can put him in some place where he can earn his living, for, you see, a clerk has to eat, and drink, and wear coats like other men."

Mr. Atherton winced; he was used to this matter-of-fact dealing from his girl, and yet he did not like it.

"Perhaps I can get him into Porter's grocery as errand boy. Too good for him, I dare say!"

"And I will not permit him to go there to be ordered about by cross husbands; and sour old maids, buying half a pound of sugar, and two ounces of tea. Recollect, Mr. Gerard is my property now."

"Well, well, I will see about it. Perhaps Dalton can let him into his department to assist in the job work."

"Nothing of the kind, dear papa. I veto that plan entirely. This boy has a proud spirit, or I have failed to read his face right. He shall not be humbled in that way. It would make him reckless; perhaps, lead him to crime. Show him that you have confidence in his integrity, and he will die rather than forfeit your good opinion. He must be nothing less than a clerk!"

"Winifred, what a famous little autoocrat of a czar you would make for the Russians. Every man's head in the empire would be struck off in a week, who refused to swear fullest allegiance to your madcap plots!"

"Dear sir, you flatter me. Shall my despotic ladyship be indulged, and thus Gerard become the respected incumbent of a respectable and lucrative situation in the hardware establishment of Robert Atherton & Co.?"

"Yes, yes; I will hint him up if only to rid myself of your teasing. He will be a drawback upon me, no doubt; forge my name, or steal my bank notes, but he shall have some situation with me, if it be only to stand by my elbow and wipe my pens."

"Very good. You are philanthropic—father mine—for which I kiss your cheek; and here we are!"

The couch drew up before a splendid stone mansion; and in a few moments, Winifred and pretty little Mrs. Marchmont were exchanging their delighted greetings in the shaded drawing room; while Mr. Atherton both vexed and amused with the new *peacock* of his daughter's, was borne rapidly down to his warehouses on Broad street.

CHAPTER II.
Light and Shade.

"But the sun will shine, and the rain will fall,
On the liveliest, lowliest spot;
And there's merriment and merriment mingled for all
That inherit the human lot."

GORIAN MASON.

MR. ATHERTON was as good as his word. Gerard Middleton was sought, found, and installed an assistant correspondent in the counting room of the wealthy merchant.

Young Middleton's history, previous to this time, was that of many another of his class. His father had been a poor but talented artist, who, dying young, left his widow, and their child, Gerard, in a state of painful indigence. Mrs. Middleton came from a wealthy, as well as haughty family, and, having been disowned and cast off by these relatives, for weding the man of her choice—she had too much of her kindred's stern pride, now, in her destitution to call upon them for assistance.

For three years she worked uninterruptedly for the tailors' shops in Boston, receiving in payment barely sufficient to keep soul and body together. The incessant toil and anxiety so wrought upon her slender frame that she was brought to a bed of sickness, from which she never arose. The kind physician—poor like herself—who, out of the Christian benevolence of his heart, visited her, said that only healthful food and country air could restore her. As well might he have prescribed the melted pearls of Cleopatra, or the powder of the Roh-i-noor diamond. For days the meagre room where she dwelt was without fire—and night after night the daring boy went to his rude bed fastening, because there was no bread!

At last he recked the proud lady, who, in her robes of satin and velvet, wept at church over the pictured suffering of the Hindoos, and dropped into the plate a golden guinea to purchase clothes for the Sandwich Islanders—lit-

he recked she of the poverty and distress but a few squares from her own spacious dwelling.

Little thought that wealthy, leading member of the P—Street Church, whose name headed with five thousand dollars, a subscription paper to solicit funds for erecting a monument to the memory of some good old divine, who had for years slept peacefully without pomp, and marble cenotaphs above him—little thought this lonely almoner of the pale woman starving to death within sight of the dome of his princely mansion!

Mrs. Middleton's powers of life wasted away, and with hands weakly folded upon her breast, she committed herself to the care of the God whom she was not afraid to trust. And He, seeing how weary of earth was her spirit, severed the silver thread, and rent in twain the golden bowl. And Gerard Middleton was crushed down by the words of the physician, who had remained until the last—"you are hopeless."

The boy was ten years old then; bright, active and intelligent—and yet he was carried to the work-house. There were privileges of learning there—and there he improved to the utmost; and when he was thirteen, he was taken into the office of a legal gentleman as copyist. Here he remained a year or more, when his superior style of penmanship attracted the attention of Mr. Chambers, the senior member of a dry goods' firm, and after a little settlement of preliminaries, Gerard was domiciled with his new employers.

His only friend, during all this time, was Ruth Mowbray—a pauper, as he, himself, had been. Both of Ruth's parents had died in coming to this country from England; and their daughter had been consigned, by the Captain of the vessel, to the home of the poor, immediately on their arrival in port.

Ruth was two years Gerard's junior; a beautiful fair-haired, blue-eyed girl; untainted by the associations which had of late surrounded her, and pure in heart as the heart of the white water lily.

The boy and the girl had continued like brother and sister; and as soon as Gerard was able to earn something, he insisted on sharing his pittance with her. Through his influence with Mr. Chambers, Ruth was received into the millinery store of Madame De Lanier, on Washington street, as an apprentice; where her sweet engaging manners, and lovely face, attracted many a customer to her employer's counter.

Gerard Middleton had been but a few days in his new situation, when Mr. Atherton invited him to ride out to the Hall, and pass the night. It was not exactly a cordial invitation, for the rich merchant had many doubts regarding his clerk. He was not sure but that the youth might have been guilty of the crime with which he was charged; and he did not feel exactly at ease in bringing a lad of such low degree into the society of the heiress of Atherton Hall.

But it was Winifred's expressed pleasure to see the suspected forger, and her father could deny her nothing which had the shadow of reason about it.

Mr. Middleton was received, by the young mistress of the Hall, with much kindness; and after tea, she set herself to work at sounding the attainments and qualifications of her *protégé*. Winifred was a close questioner, and Middleton was obliged to confess that he knew no language save his own, and that rather imperfectly; that he could neither sing or play, or cut a figure in the dance.

"Very well," said Winifred composedly—"I will teach you Latin and French. Sometime, when I go into business for myself, I am going to make you my foreign agent, and then the tongues of other nations will be of benefit to you."

"The Latin, in particular," observed Mr. Atherton who was reading the President's Message.

"To be sure, if he should be engaged in purchasing medicines, as I suppose he will; for you know, papa, I have serious thoughts of becoming a female physician."

"A female fiddle stick!" retorted Mr. Atherton indignantly.

Winifred was used to this mood of her father's, so it did not trouble her in this instance, and she made an engagement to commence her lessons on the following evening. Mr. Atherton would bring the pupil up in his carriage, at night, and take him back in the morning, she said; and Mr. Atherton was obliged to nod assentingly.

And thus it happened that Gerard Middleton came daily within the influence of this proud, but warm-hearted girl! And during those quiet seasons at her side, he learned to know the meaning of every curl of her red lip, every toss of her Queenly head; he learned to fear offending her, to love to toil for her approbation; to look upon her as upon the evening star, so gorgeously beautiful, yet so very far above his reach!

During six months this quiet continued, and then the time appointed for his appearance at court drew nigh. Gerard felt restless and uneasy; he feared condemnation, more because it would shut him away from his star, than because of his own disgrace and humiliation.

It was the evening previous to the day on which his guilt, or innocence was to be established. Gerard sat by the side of Winifred, repeating his task, when a note was brought in, and placed before him. He broke it open, ran his eye greedily over the contents, while a flush of joy mounted to his pale cheek. He gave it to Winifred—

sat in Mr. Atherton's box at the National Theatre.

Young men sighed that Winifred should be thus guarded by a cold-hearted old lawyer; and *passed* ladies, who had long had designs on the rich bachelor, wondered why Mr. Winthrop did not confer his attentions upon a person of sense and experience.

It must not be imagined that Winifred had no admirers save Mr. Winthrop, for she was literally surrounded with them. Through the season of gaiety which succeeded her birthday party, she was the queen of every assembly, the grand centre about which a train of satellites revolved. But in spite of all this homage, she grew colder and colder until her half-hopeless adorers called her The Heart of Ice; and yet they persisted in flitting around her, hoping, perhaps, to melt the frosty mail.

Gerard Middleton never came to the house now; Winifred saw him only at rare intervals, when she called with some gay party, at her father's store, to assist in selecting bronzes and costly candelabra for some newly wedded friend. At such time he never greeted her, unless she first addressed him. He never lifted his face to hers, though the crimson deepened on his cheek, and the pen he held moved uneasily over the paper. There was little of the cur about this proud clerk; he would not fawn about the hand that might, the next moment, thrust him away.

Toward the close of October, there was a party made up from Belleville, and the neighboring towns, for an excursion to Mt. Holyoke, and a week's sojourn in its romantic vicinity. Mr. Winthrop was to accompany Miss Atherton; Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont and other friends were to be of the party.

They were to go out to Springfield on the Worcester railroad, and thence up the river to South Hadley in row-boats.

It was a fine, cloudless morning when they set forth; all anticipating a merry time; and all in good spirits. Winifred saw, with some surprise, that Gerard Middleton occupied a seat near her, and she spoke of it to Mr. Winthrop, who said that Mr. Atherton had sent the clerk out to Springfield, on business connected with his trade.

The train proceeded steadily and safely; every train performed its duty; every revolution of the great driving pump of the locomotive was in order; no one dreamed of danger, or thought of death. They reached a long bridge built over an arm of the Chicopee river. There was a momentary trembling of the timbers, as the engine plunged over them—then, Winifred heard a dull, dead crash—she was sensible of nothing more, until Mr. Middleton, who had been standing in the door of the car, rushed to her side, and snatching her up in his arms, dashed her out upon the platform.

Not a moment's pause did he make to reply to her indignant speech of resistance, but with one athletic bound, he clung the tottering platform, and leaped with his burden into the water!

Bearing her up with one arm, he struck out for the shore with the other, and in a few moments Winifred, cold and dripping, stood upon the firm sand. Her cheeks burned crimson, and her eyes flashed haughtily as she confronted the young man.

"Sir, what means this insult?"

He lifted his hand and pointed in the direction of the train they had just quit.

"Look, and see!" he said calmly. She did look, and all the pride and scorn went out of her face. The cheeks grew white—the eyes lost their angry brilliancy. She put her hand in his for support and sympathy. His fingers closed over hers, but neither spoke while they gazed together upon the sad scene.

The bridge, its massive timbers broken in the centre, lay tossing about in the swift current of the river; the mighty engine had half buried its charred body in the hard gravel on the opposite side; and the cars in one crushed, confused mass, were piled up against the stone abutment of the bridge.

The unfortunate passengers, such of them as were left alive, were making their egress from broken windows, and rent doors; some with faces pale and bloody—others uninjured.

Of the latter class was Mr. Winthrop; who without delay hastened to the side of Miss Atherton, to offer his congratulations on her escape. He thanked Mr. Middleton coldly for the service he had done the lady, and drawing her hand within his arm, led her away to the nearest dwelling house.

Middleton bowed haughtily to this coolly expressive gratitude, and turned his back upon the speaker. What did he care for the scorn of the rich man, so long as the soft hand of Winifred had pressed his;—and her eyes looked—wet with tears—into his face? He knew she was not all ice.

And when Mr. Atherton heard of the conduct of his clerk, he was filled with admiration and gratitude, and thanked the young man in a torrent of enthusiasm wrung from the depths of his parental love.

POCKET BOOK LOST.

Mr. A. R. Laurence, delegate from Iredell county, to the Whig Convention at Raleigh, lost his pocket wallet on the N. C. Railroad on Tuesday night between Salisbury and Raleigh, containing one \$100 note, several \$10's and \$20's and some valuable papers. He had it out when paying his fare east of Salisbury and missed it on his arrival at Raleigh. The papers are of much more importance to Mr. Laurence than the money and any information concerning either will be thankfully received. Address A. R. Laurence Esq., Statesville, N. C.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

TERMS.—Single subscriber, \$2 per year, in advance; clubs of ten and over, \$1.50 each. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. Specimen copies sent gratis, on application. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT.

Subscribers receiving their paper with across-mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

Apologetic.

We dislike anything in the shape of an apology, but we hope our readers will overlook the quality of the paper this week. Our pressman "wet down" the wrong paper, and did not discover it until it was too late to be removed.

Editorial Correspondence.

WILSON, N. C., March 10th, 1850.

MY DEAR A.—I write you from the new, beautiful and thriving town of Wilson. But really it is so seldom I am permitted to throw off the labors and drudgery of the office life and wander off at large, unrestrained, I come to this pleasant task (?) with no little difficulty. What a freedom I enjoy; no table covered with manuscripts, pens and inksstands; nor room knee-deep in exchanges; nor little *impressions*—copy. How I luxuriate; walking the streets; or sitting cross-legged in the back store room by the fire, talking on politics, or farming, or education, or slavery, or matrimony as the inclination or profession of my audience would indicate, no care or anxiety on my mind. Ah, matrimony, that is the idea—I am told there are no young ladies in this section of the country; they are so beautiful and so rich, they marry as fast as they come on the carpet;—so I am told, and I say nothing to convince me to the contrary. Not a single young lady have I met upon the streets these last two days. This, you know, is contrary to my way of living; pretty ladies I have been accustomed to, and pretty ladies I am obliged to see; life without them would be like a table, most profuse and elegantly decorated with plates, dishes and the other necessary ecclesiastical, but *nothing to eat*—there would be much to admire, but very little to enjoy. You will not be surprised, from the foregoing, if I tell you I have made it convenient to visit both of the female Seminaries located in Wilson. Of course you will not, for it is even so; and schools more energetic, more pleasantly located and promising more in the future, you will not find in the state.—Wilson, like Greensboro, is becoming a great educational center. It is a healthy locality, moral and intelligent community; educational facilities have heretofore been rather limited, but the impulse is now thoroughly awakened. Besides the female schools, there are also two male schools, under the same management with the female schools, though entirely separate and distinct from them.

The town of Wilson is the capital of Wilson county, and has a population of ten or fifteen hundred, though it is only about ten years old. It covers quite a considerable territory, each house being surrounded with ample yard and garden. The houses are mostly of the cottage style, presenting a neat and beautiful exterior, indicating worldly prosperity and domestic happiness, or as the poet's idea—“love in a cottage.” There are here several turpentine distilleries, a steam saw mill and a large carriage manufactory. In the line of carriages we have seen many imported all the way from New York, that could not compare, with such as we find here, in style, beauty or price. I will not branch off upon that subject, however.

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THE TIMES: AN ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER.

Democratic State Convention.

This body convened in the Commons Hall on the 5th inst. About sixty counties were represented by about three hundred delegates. Hon. David S. Reid, of Rockingham, was chosen President of the Convention, and several Vice Presidents and Secretaries. A committee of two from each Congressional district was appointed, to report Resolutions for the action of the Convention. In voting, it was resolved that each county should cast the number of votes given at the last Presidential election.

The following Resolutions were reported by the Committee to prepare business for the Convention:

1. Resolved, That we cordially approve and ratify the resolutions of the Democratic National Convention which assembled at Cincinnati in June, 1856.

2. Resolved, That neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature, whether by direct legislation, or legislation of an indirect and unfriendly character, possesses the power to annul or impair the constitutional rights of any citizen of the United States to take his slave property into the common Territories, and there hold and enjoy the same while the territorial condition remains.

3. Resolved, That we regard the distribution of the public lands or their proceeds, the enactment of homestead bills, or any other mode of disposing of the public domain, without equivalent, as unconstitutional, anti-democratic and impolitic.

4. Resolved, That the threatening aspect of our national affairs, owing to the rise of a sectional and fanatical party at the North, jeopardizing not only the rights and interests of the South, but the perpetuity of the Constitution and the Union, demands that all national men in every section should stand together as a unit in opposition to the aggressive and unprincipled organization known as the Black Republican party.

5. Resolved, That the only hope of securing the requisite unity of action in defence of constitutional right depends upon the success of the Democratic party, and that all organizations in this State or elsewhere, with the view of impairing that unity, or casting imputation upon the great conservative party of the country, is calculated to give aid and comfort to the enemies of the Constitution, and thereby gravely imperil the very existence of the government itself.

6. Resolved, That while we make no threat, and throw out no menace, we solemnly declare that the people of this State will resist aggression upon their Constitutional rights whenever the emergency arises.

7. Resolved, That the recent invasion of the soil of our sister State of Virginia, by a band of armed traitors, was the legitimate result of the principles and teachings of the Black Republican party, and the triumph of that party would be followed by continued bloody raids of like character upon all the border Southern States; that such collisions, even if unmet by the present exasperating causes of alienation, would alone destroy that fraternal feeling between the sections, without which the Union cannot endure.

8. Resolved, That the course of our Democratic Representatives in the present Congress of the United States meets with our warmest approval, and that the manly and patriotic action of those national Democrats from the non-slaveholding States who have so nobly co-operated and continue to co-operate with them, demands a cordial and heartfelt recognition at our hands.

9. Resolved, That having the fullest confidence in the patriotism and ability of the national Democratic Convention to assemble at Charleston on the 23d of April next, we hereby pledge ourselves to give to the nominees of that Convention a zealous and unwavering support.

10. Resolved, That James Buchanan, President of the United States, deserves the thanks of the South and of the whole country, for the broad constitutional policy which has characterized the course of his administration.

11. Resolved, That we are opposed to disturbing any of the sectional compromises of our Constitution, State or National, and that we especially deprecate the introduction at this time by the Opposition party of North Carolina into our State politics of a question of constitutional amendment affecting the basis upon which our revenue is raised, believing it to be premature, impolitic, dangerous and unjust; at the same time we deem it the duty of the Legis's to take passing acts for the raising of revenue, so to adjust taxation as to bear as equally as practicable within the limits of the Constitution, upon the various interests and classes of property in all sections of the State.

12. Resolved, That we are anxious to see the different sections of the State fostered and developed, and to that end believe that such aid should be given towards the forwarding to completion of the works of internal improvement already begun, and the construction of such others as may be deemed expedient, as the credit of the State and the means of her citizens may permit, without injuriously affecting the one or imposing too onerous burdens on the other.

Mr. Cantwell moved to receive and adopt the resolutions reported unanimously.

Mr. Bleedsoe moved a division of the question, so as to vote for the eleventh one separately from the others. He said from principle and policy he was opposed to that resolution—that he would defend and endorse the platform of the party, but could not vote against *ad valorem*. The motion did not prevail, and then the resolutions passed unanimously.

Mr. Avery introduced a resolution endorsing and recommending the renomination of Gov. John W. Ellis, which was unanimously adopted.

The following gentlemen were appointed delegates to the National Democratic Convention at Charleston: W. W. Holden, of Wake; Hon. Bed'ard Brown, of Caswell; W. S. Ashe of New Hanover; Hon. W. W. Avery, of Burke. And Messrs. G. S. Stevenson, of Craven; W. N. Edwards, of Warren; W. T. Dorch, of Wayne; and W. L. Steele, of Richmond, were appointed alternate delegates.

Hon. A. M. Seales, of Rockingham, and E. G. Haywood, of Wake, were appointed Electors for the State at large. And Messrs. T. L. Hargrave, of Granville; A. A. McCoy, of Sampson; N. N. Fleming, of Rowan; and David Coleman, of Buncombe, as sub-electors for the State at large.

On Friday night Gov. Ellis appeared and addressed the Convention in a lengthy speech, accepting the nomination, and defending the platform adopted, and the course of the democratic party.

Several members made speeches, and then the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

Musical.

HORACE WATERS, AGENT, 333 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Publisher of Music and Books, dealer in Pictures, Melodeons, Alexandre Organs, Martin's celebrated and other Guitars, Violins, Tenor Violins, Violincellos, Accordions, Flutes, Flutes, Clarinets, Triangles, Tuning Forks, Pipes and Harmonicas, Violin Bows, best Italian Strings, Brass Instruments, Piano Stools and Covers, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

PIECE MUSIC from all the publishers in the United States; Berlin's, Huntin's and Modern School, and all kinds of Instruction Books for the above instruments; Church Music Books; Music elegantly bound, Music Paper, and all kinds of Music Merchandise, at the lowest prices, and from \$25 up to \$100. New Melodeons; Second Hand Melodeons from \$20 to \$80; Second Hand Alexandre Organs, with five stops, \$200 and \$350. A liberal discount to Clergyman, Church, Sabbath Schools, Seminaries and Teachers. The Trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

Postscript of the Horace Waters Piano and Melodeon.

"The Piano comes in hand, and in first-rate order. It is a beautiful instrument, and no mistake."—Lee & Buller, *Advertiser*.

"A friend of Carnegie, New York, who has had one of the Horace Waters Pianos, writes to say: 'A friend of mine wishes me to purchase a piano for her. She likes the one you sold me in December, 1856. My piano is becoming popular in this place, and I think I can introduce one or two more; they will be more popular than any other make.'

"We have two of Waters' Pianos in our store, and we have been severely tested for three years, and we can testify to their good quality and durability."—*West & Gray, Mount Carroll, Ill.*

"H. WATERS, Esq.—Dear Sir: Having need of one of your Pianos for two years past, I have found it a very *superior instrument*.—Albion Gray, *Principal, Brooklyn Heights Seminary*.

"*Postscript of the Horace Waters Piano and Melodeon.*

"The Melodeon you sent me was duly received in good order. I am now fully prepared to say that the instrument is *highly satisfactory* and I beg you will accept my thanks for the very liberal terms on which you furnished it, and for the very honorable manner in which you have fulfilled, and *more than fulfilled*, all that you promised.

Very truly yours, H. WATERS, 333 Broadway, N. Y.

Dry Goods, &c.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.

We take great pleasure in announcing to our old friends and customers that we are receiving a large and well selected stock of Fall and Winter Clothing, comprising the **LATEST AND MOST ELEGANT STYLES** of every article, and of every description. **Articles of Gentleman's Clothing.** Shirts, Hats, Caps, Books, Small Boxes, Cigars, Pistols, Walking Canes, a good stock of Watches; in fact, everything usually found in a large Clothing Emporium. We cheerfully present our goods for inspection, with the most perfect confidence in our extensive preparations to give satisfaction to all who may favor us with a call. We are ready to compete with any other establishment, but in the **GREAT BARGAINS**.

We have a large stock of **Woolen Goods**, comprising a large number of **Woolen Shirts, Hats, Caps, Books, Small Boxes, Cigars, Pistols, Walking Canes, a good stock of Watches**; in fact, everything usually found in a large Clothing Emporium. We cheerfully present our goods for inspection, with the most perfect confidence in our extensive preparations to give satisfaction to all who may favor us with a call. We are ready to compete with any other establishment, but in the **GREAT BARGAINS**.

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Children's Department.

EDITED BY WILLIAM R. HUNTER.
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

THE LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

Alice and Laura were on their way to Sunday-school. As they drew near the little stream that ran by the village, they saw a boy seated on the bank, fishing.

"Why, that is Jack Brown!" exclaimed Alice.

"Yes," said Laura; "mother would say we ought to persuade him to come to Sunday school."

"I am afraid to speak to him," said Alice; "you know he threw a stone at Mary Clark when she told him to stop swearing."

"Yes, but she made him angry by calling him a 'wicked boy' and threatening to tell his father."

"Oh, I don't see how she could do that, when she knows how cruelly he is treated at home."

By this time they were quite close to the boy and Laura, looking pleasantly at him said,—

"Jack, will you come with us to Sunday school? I know you would like it."

"I'd rather not," he answered, sullenly, getting up and holding the rod behind him.

"Oh, Jack," said Laura, earnestly taking his hand as if to lead him away, "do come! it is wrong to fish to-day. This is God's day; and we want you to come and hear about Jesus."

"I'll let you have my Testament if you'll come, Jack," said Alice. "I know you wanted to read at the district school. Just see what nice large print this is; and here is a picture of Jesus blessing the children. You shall have it for your own."

Jack looked down uneasily, and said,—

"I'm so dirty; and I haven't any shoes."

"Oh, never mind the shoes," cried Laura; "you can wash your face in the brook and wipe it on my handkerchief."

Jack did as she told him, smoothed his hair with his wet hands, and put on his old cap and jacket. The fishing rod was hidden behind the wall, and the children moved slowly on, teaching Jack some Bible-verses to say in class. When they reached the door, school had commenced, and they were singing that sweet little hymn,—

"There is a happy land."

Jack had never been in such a place in his life. He thought the singing delightful, but he couldn't help wondering what was meant by that "happy land, far, far away." He was put on a bench by himself with a teacher whose face was so kind and pleasant that he ventured to ask "if that was true about the happy land." Then she told him the "happy land" meant heaven, where God and the angels are, and how beautiful a place it is, and that no one is ever sick, or sorry, or sinful there.

Jack took a long breath, and asked anxiously,—

"Is it very 'far away'? Could I ever get there?" and then his eyes fell, as he said, sorrowfully, "But I should be afraid to have God see me. You say he is good and I am very bad. I often swear, and tell lies, and—"

Here he stopped, and the teacher went on to tell him how Jesus, the Son of God, left that beautiful heaven and came down to this world to die for us, that he might be our Saviour from sin and hell. She told him that Jesus could see him and hear him all the time: he had often heard him swear. Jack looked frightened.

"Now," she said, "let him hear you pray." Then she taught him a prayer, and gave him a hymn to learn about Jesus.

All that week Jack thought of what he had heard at Sunday-school, and looked anxiously for the next Sabbath. He wanted to hear more about Jesus. When the day came, he was in his place; and again the teacher talked to him of the Saviour, telling how loving he was, how he cured sick people, fed the hungry, and raised the dead to life. Jack began dearly to love this kind Saviour, and to like to pray to him, and to think of the time when he might be with him. After a while, as he learned more about him and grew to be a man, he thought, "How many people there are who don't care or never heard about Jesus! Now I might go and tell them how good he is, and that he will make them happy and take them to heaven if they will only love him and trust in him. I know that is what he would have me to do." So Jack Brown became a missionary; and many a poor sinner was taught by him the way to heaven.

Now, little reader, just suppose that Alice and Laura had passed by Jack, perhaps saying, "What a naughty boy, to be fishing on Sunday!" but without asking him to go with them and learn better. He might have grown up to be a thief, a drunkard, or even a murderer,—lived a miserable life and died a hopeless death. Think over this story when you go to school next Sunday, and perhaps you too can persuade some little boy or girl to "come and hear about Jesus."

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information available to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, and the farmer.

Diseases of Horses and Remedies.

INFLUENZA.

If marked by inflammatory action, blood must be abstracted, and that quickly by making the orifice large. Close it as soon as the pulse begins to falter. If no febrile action is apparent, small doses of aloes may be given, combined with the usual fever medicine. It is not prudent to continue the aloes beyond a third dram. Great attention must be paid to diet. No grain is to be allowed, but give mashes of thin gruel. Water should be entirely refused, and a bucket of gruel kept suspended in the box. Green food may be offered, such as grass, clover, and above all, carrots. If matters look serious, it will be best to call in a surgeon.

INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS—ENTERITIS.

The first necessity in this case is bleeding. From six to eight quarts of blood should be abstracted as soon as possible. A strong solution of aloes, guarded by opium, should follow the bleeding. This should be quickly followed by backraking, and the injection of warm water in which Epsom salts have been dissolved. The horse should be encouraged to drink plentifully of thin gruel, and a draught of two drams of aloes and a little opium be given every six hours.

DIARRHEA.

The treatment should consist in an alteration of the food, giving such as is of a more wholesome and binding nature and if medicine is then required, give the following in thick gruel: Ginger powdered one dram; gentian, two drams; opium, half a dram; prepared chalk one ounce. To be carefully combined together and repeated twice or thrice a day.

DYSENTERY.

The treatment should consist of a moderate bleeding, and the administration of mild diluents, such as linseed gruel or tea. Two drams of nitrate of potash and four drams of super-tartrate of potash may be given with the food four times a day, and warm mashes and carrots offered as food.

FEVER.

Bleeding is in most cases necessary, after which gentle opening medicines may be used, followed by proper fever medicines. Digital's tartar emetic, and nitre may also be given. The horse is to be kept warmly clothed, but in a cool, and well ventilated stable.

STOMACH STAGGERS.

Give oily purgatives assisted by draughts of warm water and purgative injections. Afterwards give carbonate of ammonia, two drachms gentian, one dram; spirits of nitric ether one ounce; twice a day.

COLIC.

Turpentine is one of the most powerful remedies, especially if combined with a small quantity of opium and good warm ale. A solution of aloes may be advantageously added. The horse should be walked about, and the belly rubbed with a brush or cloth. If rectified is not obtained in half an hour it will be prudent to bleed. Clusters of warm water, or containing a solution of aloes, may be injected. Give the animal bran mashes and lukewarm water for two or three days afterwards, and keep him well stabled.

MANGE.

A liniment made of four ounces of sulphur vivium, two drams of white hellebore, four ounces of oil of tar, one pound of linseed oil well mixed together, and rubbed in with plenty of friction every day for several days, with an occasional washing with soap and water, will in most cases be effective.

CATARRH.

In nineteen cases out of twenty, recovery will take place without any medicine, if the horse is kept free from the *cordials* grooms are so fond of administering, and allowed warm stabling and mashes, and no heating food. A fever ball may be given mixed with a little aloes and antimony.

BONE SPAVIN.

Take six ounces of oil of origanum, two ounces camphor, two ounces mercurial ointment; mix them well together and rub the spavin two or three times a day, keeping the legs dry and free from dirt.

QUENCHING THIRST.

Nearly a hundred years ago Dr. Lind suggested to Captain Kennedy that thirst might be quenched by dipping the clothing in salt water and putting it on without wringing. Subsequently, the captain on being cast away had an opportunity of making the experiment. With great difficulty he succeeded in persuading a part of the men to follow his example, and they all survived, while the four who refused and drank salt water, became delirious and died. Captain K. goes on to say: "After these operations we uniformly found that the violent thirst went off, and the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes, while we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment." The bare possibility of the truth of the statement makes it a humanity for any paper to give it a wide

publicity, since there are not many readers in any hundred who may not go to sea and be shipwrecked.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wine brush-wood. Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flavor, the other yields the durum-siliciflora: and both meeting make the best wine.

—THOMAS DODD.

Answer to question of last week:—The numbers required in your last week's question are 134-92, solved by Otto of Mt Pleasant.

FOR MATHEMATICIANS.

If the earth were $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ larger what would be its distance from the sun?

THE SCOLD.

If there's one thing that is dreadful in life, it is to be tied to a turbulent wife; for she'll banish your joys

By her clattering noise,

And she's fierce in attack as a host of Sepoys.

I have been in some houses whose owners were rich,

But tell you, I'd rather reside in a ditch

Than possess their whole store

And a mighty sight more,

If all must be shared with a quarrelsome bore.

You may talk about terrors in various firms,

On land and on sea, amid dangers and storms,

But the worst of them all

Are the terrors that fall

On the head of a man in a feminine brawl.

Her tongue will torment you by night and by day.

Till the flesh on your bones has been wasted away:

Though to please her inclined,

She will call you unkind,

And will give you no peace, but a piece of her mind.

And often you'll wish some respectable hearse

Would bear to the grave either you or your curse:

For what can you do?

With a tempestuous, who,

The moment you walk in, will walk into you?

Don't bid on a woman accustomed to scold;

If you get her you'll find you're egregiously ro'd.

If you marry a shrew,

You will find it is true,

When you have taken her in, you are taken in to.

AN ABOMINABLE STORY.

Mr. Phibbs is an excessively fatidious man; so much so is Phibbs that he doesn't even take his cysters prominently about town.

"For, d'ye see, my boy," says Phibbs, "there's no calculating on these: promenades, they may be manufactured article."

With this always in sight, Phibbs goes to Delmonico's.

"Half a dozen raw on a plate."

He notices, just as he has d'owned his number one, that a corpulent Dutchman stood beside him sorrowfully surveying a single oyster on the plate before him. The moment that Phibbs swallowed his first, the expression of the Dutchman's face changed from sorrow to joy.

"Ah mein Gott, you swallow him whole," says Meinherr.

"Of course," says Phibbs.

"And you can swallow him whole, too?" pointing with his fork to the lone oyster that lay on the plate before him.

"Certainly I can," says Phibbs, and, suiting the action to the word, the oyster was on his fork, and in a moment "swallowed."

"Oh, mein Gott! dat is wonderful! wonderful? I never did see! I have try to swallow him two, tree time—every time I spit him back."

Phibbs has been quite unwell ever since.

At an agricultural dinner the following toast was given: "The game of fortune—shuttle the cards as you will, *Spades* will always win."

Mrs. Brown says that her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try on a new boot without putting his foot in it.

The name of the Russian admiral of a Pacific Squadron is *Pop-off*.

An old cynic at a concert one night, read in the programme the title of a song. "Oh! Give me a Cot in the Valley I Love" Reading it over attentively, the old fellow finally growled, "Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a bedstead."

"There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten that lard." "Ma, mother, it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."

If you fall into misfortune, disengage yourself as soon as you can. Creep through the bushes that have the fewest briars.

The man who "took a walk" the other day, brought it back again; the next day he took a ride and went off with it.

An old Grecian philosopher advises all men to know themselves. That's advising a good many to form very low and disreputable acquaintances.

"What is that?" asked a school-teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why that's papa's name; I've seen him write it ever so many times."

It is a sad commentary upon the course of instruction pursued in young ladies schools, that the graduates seldom know how to decline an offer of marriage.

A French savor has fixed the next deluge for the year 8159. It will be a grand washing day, and the world will be by that time dirty enough to need it.

Periodicals.

FOR THE YEAR 1860.—

THE TIMES.

THE TIMES.